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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE BARKER LIBRARY.

Life of William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, and Founder of Pennsylvania. By JOSEPH BARKER. London, F. Chapman; Wortley, near Leeds, Joseph Barker.

THE design and character of the useful series of works projected by Mr. BARKER under the above title, have already, and at considerable length, been set forth in these pages. Applauding both, and wishing well to the undertaking, we make room for a brief notice of one of the best volumes which the series has yet offered.

The *Life of William Penn* is compiled by Mr. BARKER chiefly from the lives of the same justly-celebrated individual by BESS and CLARKSON. The materials are judiciously selected, and the work is well written. The records of biography furnish us with few examples of character so altogether noble as that of WILLIAM PENN. To spread abroad the knowledge of such a character is to teach, in the most forcible manner, important truths. It is impossible not to admire his purity and liberality of mind, his singleness of purpose, his lofty integrity, his freedom from all worldly and selfish aims, or to contemplate the career of such a man, without feeling that it is at once the wisest and the happiest. Seen in the light of such an example, the objects of existence appear in their proper proportions; error is stripped of her fair seeming, and truth is shewn in all the loveliness of her native majesty. No falsehood, however fair-faced or plausible, can long withstand the union of sincerity with faith and earnestness; and these are the qualities which constituted the groundwork of PENN's character, and produced the unshaken constancy which he maintained through all the vicissitudes of his eventful life. It would scarcely be fair to give an abstract of the contents of so cheap a volume; we shall content ourselves, therefore, with recommending it to every reader, merely transcribing, as not only strongly illustrative of PENN's character, but of the administration of the law in the seventeenth century, the following account, by a witness, of a

JUDICIAL EXAMINATION.

Sir John Robinson. What is this person's name? [*Note.*—The *mittimus* was already made, and his name put in.] Constable. Mr. Penn, sir.—J. R. Is your name Penn? W. P. Dost thou not know me? Hast thou forgot me?—J. R. I don't know you; I don't desire to know such as you are. W. P. If not, why didst thou send for me hither?—J. R. Is Penn your name, sir? W. P. Yes, yes, my name is Penn; thou knowest it is: I am not ashamed of my name.—J. R. Constable, where did you find him? Const. At Wheeler-street, at a meeting, speaking to the people.—J. R. You mean he was speaking to an unlawful assembly? Const. I do not know, indeed, sir; he was there, and he was speaking.—J. R. Give them their oaths. W. P. Hold, do not swear the men; there is no need of it: I freely acknowledge that I was at Wheeler-street, and that I spake to an assembly of people there.—J. R. and several others. He confesseth it. W. P. I do so; I am not ashamed of my testimony.—J. R. No matter, give them their oaths. [*Note.*—They were sworn to answer such questions as should be asked, upon which they gave

the evidence before given by the constable.] J. R. Mr. Penn, you know the law better than I can tell you; and you know these things are contrary to the law. W. P. If thou believest me to be better known in the law than thyself, hear me; for I know no law I have transgressed. All laws are to be considered either strictly literally, or more explanatorily and lenitively. Considered in the *first* sense, the execution of many laws may be *extrema injuria*, the greatest wrong; taken in the latter sense, the execution may be wisdom and moderation. I would have thee make the latter thy choice. Now, whereas I am probably to be tried by the late Act against conventicles, I conceive it doth not reach me.—J. R. No, sir, J shall not proceed upon that law. W. P. What law, then? I am sure that was intended for the standard upon these occasions.—J. R. The Oxford Act of six months. W. P. That of all laws cannot concern me; for, first, I was never in orders, neither episcopally nor classically, and one of them is intended by the preamble of the Act.—J. R. No, no. *Any* that speak in unlawful assemblies, and *you* spoke in an unlawful assembly. W. P. Two things are to be considered; first, that the words "such as speaking in any unlawful assemblies," alter the case much; for those words relate to the preamble, and cannot concern persons in any other qualification than under some ordination or mark of priesthood. I am persuaded thou knowest I am no such person. I was never ordained, nor have I any particular charge or stipend that may entitle me to such a function; and therefore I am wholly unconcerned in the word *such*. Secondly, an unlawful assembly is too general a word; the Act doth not define to us what is meant by an unlawful assembly.—J. R. But other Acts do. W. P. That is not to the purpose; for that may be an unlawful assembly in one Act that may, by circumstances, be not so adjudged in another; and it is hard that you will not stick to some one Act or law, but, to accomplish your ends, borrow a piece out of one Act to supply the defects of another of a different nature from it.—J. R. Will you swear? Will you take the oath that the Act requires of you? W. P. This is not to the purpose.—J. R. Read him the oath. I, W. P., do swear that it is not lawful, upon any pretence whatever, to take arms against the king, and that I do abhor that traitorous position of taking arms by his authority against his person, or against those that are commissioned by him, in pursuance of such commissions, and that I will not at any time endeavour any alteration of government, either in church or state.—J. R. Will you take it or no? W. P. What need I take an oath not to do that which it is my faith not to do, so far as concerns the king.—Lieut. Price. Then swear it. W. P. The oath, in that respect, is already answered, to all intents and purposes; for if I cannot fight against *any* man, much less against the king; what need I take an oath not to do it? Should I swear not to do what it is already against my conscience to do?—J. R. You will not take the oath, then?—W. P. What if I refuse the oath, not because of the matter contained in it, which can only criminate in the sense of the Act, but of scrupling *any* oath, shall I therefore be committed to prison? This is most unequal, unjust. It was about *fighting* that the oath and the Act were designed, and not taking of oaths; therefore the denying to swear when there is a denial to fight or plot, is no equitable ground for commitment.—J. R. Do you refuse to swear? W. P. Yes; and that upon better grounds than those for which thou wouldst *have* me swear, if thou wilt please to hear me.—J. R. I am sorry you should put me upon this severity; it is no pleasant work to me. W. P. These are but words: it is manifest that this is a *prepen*se, forethought, premeditated malice; thou hast several times laid the meetings for me, and this day particular.—J. R. No, I profess I could not tell you would be there. W. P. Thine own corporal told me that you had intelligence at the Tower that I would be at Wheeler-street to-day, almost as soon as I knew it myself. It is disingenuous and partial to act thus: I never gave thee occasion for such unkindness.—J. R. I knew no such thing; but if I had, I confess I should have sent for you. W. P. That might

have been spared; I do heartily believe it.—J. R. I vow, Mr. Penn, I am sorry for you; you are an ingenious gentleman, all the world must allow you, and *do* allow you that; and you have a plentiful estate; why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such a simple people? W. P. I confess I have made it my choice to relinquish the company of those who are ingeniously wicked, to converse with those that are more honestly simple.—J. R. I wish you wiser. W. P. And I wish thee better.—J. R. You have been as bad as other folks. W. P. When and where? I charge thee to tell the company to my face.—J. R. Abroad and at home too. Sir John Shelden (as is supposed) said, "No, no, Sir John, that is too much;" or words to that purpose. W. P. I make this bold challenge to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with ever having seen me drunk, heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word, much less that I ever made it my practice. I speak this to God's glory, who has ever preserved me from the power of those pollutions, and who from a child begot a hatred in me towards them. But there is nothing more common than, when men are of a more severe life than ordinary, for loose persons to comfort themselves with the conceit that they were once as they are; and as if there were no collateral or oblique line of the compass or globe that men may be said to come from to the arctic pole, but directly and immediately from the antarctic. Thy words shall be thy burden, and I trample thy slander as dirt under my feet.—J. R. Well, Mr. Penn, I have no ill-will towards you; your father was my friend, and I have a great deal of kindness for you. W. P. But thou hast an ill way of expressing it. You are grown too high to consider or regard the plea of those you call your forefathers for liberty of conscience against the Papists, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Bradford, &c. It was then plea good enough; my conscience will not let me go to mass, and my conscience wills that I should have an English Testament. But that single plea for separation, then considered reasonable, is now, by you who pretend to succeed them, adjudged unreasonable and factious. I say, since the only just cause of a first revolt from Rome was a dissatisfaction in point of conscience, you cannot reasonably persecute others who have right to the same plea, and yet allow that of your forefathers to be warrantable.—J. R. But you do nothing but stir up the people to sedition; and there was one of your friends told me that you preached sedition, and meddled with the government. W. P. We have the unhappiness to be misrepresented, and I am not the least concerned therein. Bring me the man that will dare to justify this accusation to my face; and if I am not able to make it appear that it is both *my* practice and the practice of all my friends to instil principles of peace and moderation into people's minds, and only to war against spiritual wickedness, that all men may be brought to fear God and to work righteousness, I shall contentedly undergo the punishment all your severest laws can expose me to. And as for the king, I make this offer: that if any man living can make it appear, directly or indirectly from the time that I have been called a Quaker, I have contrived or acted any thing injurious to his person or the English government, I shall submit my person to your utmost cruelties, and esteem them all but a due recompense. It is hard that I, being innocent, should be reputed guilty; but the will of God be done. I accept of bad report as well as of good report.—J. R. Well, I must send you to Newgate for six months, and when they are expired, you will come out. W. P. Is that all? Thou well knowest a larger imprisonment has not daunted me. I accept it at the hand of the Lord, and am content to suffer his will. Alas! you mistake your interest; you will miss your aim: that is not the way to compass your ends.—J. R. You bring yourself into trouble; you will be heading of parties, and drawing people after you. W. P. Thou mistakest: there is no such way as this of yours to render men remarkable. You are angry that I am considerable (popular), and yet you take the very way to make me so, by making this bustle and stir about one peaceable person.—J. R. I wish your

adhering to these things may not convert you to something at last. W. P. I would have thee and all men to know that I scorn that religion that is not worth suffering for, or which is not able to sustain those that are afflicted for it. Mine is, and whatever may be my lot for my constant profession of it, I am noways careful, but resigned to answer the will of God, by the loss of goods, of liberty, of life itself. When you have got all, you can have no more, and then, perhaps, you will be contented, and by that time you will be better informed of our innocence. Thy religion persecutes, and mine forgives: and I desire my God to forgive you and all that are concerned in my commitment, and I leave you all in perfect charity, wishing you everlasting salvation.—J. R. Send a corporal with a file of musketeers along with him. W. P. No; send thy lacquey: I know the way to Newgate.

It is impossible not to be struck with the fact, that the Quakers outstripped the rest of the age in their views of moral government and right interpretation of Christian doctrine,—views which were not merely speculative, but carried by them into daily practice, not only in their private concerns, but in the most public affairs of life. They had not one code of morals for the private citizen, and another for the statesman. Their rule of right was invariable. Nor were they less distinguished for liberality than for integrity. Whilst WILLIAM PENN stoutly denied the imputation of being a Roman Catholic, and displayed the manifest absurdity of persecuting him under so mistaken an idea, he had the noble courage at the same time to declare the right which the Catholics also had to freedom of conscience. He expresses his own and every true Christian's sentiments in the following question to the King of Poland, to which common sense as well as true religion can give but one answer. "Can clubs and staves, and swords and prisons, and banishments reach the soul, convert the heart, or convince the understanding of man?" We said that the Quakers of the seventeenth century were in advance of their age: we are not quite certain that they were not, in some respects, in advance of the present. The famous treaty of WILLIAM PENN with the aborigines of his American settlement might well put to the blush the narrow policy and wordly wisdom which is but too apt to prevail in the dealings of natives. And yet he and his little band of companions, armed not with weapons of war, but with kind feelings and honest intentions, made a treaty with these poor untutored children of nature, "*which never was broken.*" If good faith and Christian charity could thus prevail over the passions of savages, what might not the same principles effect, applied to the more enlarged reason and more cultivated affections of an educated people? Perhaps the time may come when there shall be no more war,—when the nations of the earth shall, in this sense at least, become friends.

Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journals and Letters. Edited by Two of her Daughters. In 2 vols. Vol. I. London, 1847. Gilpin, and Hatchard and Son.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

If the cure of crime be the proper object of punishment, then ought a prison to be a sort of hospital, where the morally diseased may be furnished with the medical treatment proper for their distemper, that society, on their return to it, may not be endangered by that worst of all contagions, a bad example. Instead, however, of being the instruments of reformation, prisons were, but too long, the principal schools of vice. We find the benevolent HOWARD asserting that "Half the robberies in and

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"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarters; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—*BELWER.*

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE BARKER LIBRARY.

Life of William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, and Founder of Pennsylvania. By JOSEPH BARKER. London, F. Chapman; Wortley, near Leeds, Joseph Barker.

THE design and character of the useful series of works projected by Mr. BARKER under the above title, have already, and at considerable length, been set forth in these pages. Applauding both, and wishing well to the undertaking, we make room for a brief notice of one of the best volumes which the series has yet offered.

The *Life of William Penn* is compiled by Mr. BARKER chiefly from the lives of the same justly-celebrated individual by BESS and CLARKSON. The materials are judiciously selected, and the work is well written. The records of biography furnish us with few examples of character so altogether noble as that of WILLIAM PENN. To spread abroad the knowledge of such a character is to teach, in the most forcible manner, important truths. It is impossible not to admire his purity and liberality of mind, his singleness of purpose, his lofty integrity, his freedom from all worldly and selfish aims, or to contemplate the career of such a man, without feeling that it is at once the wisest and the happiest. Seen in the light of such an example, the objects of existence appear in their proper proportions; error is stripped of her fair seeming, and truth is shewn in all the loveliness of her native majesty. No falsehood, however fair-faced or plausible, can long withstand the union of sincerity with faith and earnestness; and these are the qualities which constituted the groundwork of PENN's character, and produced the unshaken constancy which he maintained through all the vicissitudes of his eventful life. It would scarcely be fair to give an abstract of the contents of so cheap a volume; we shall content ourselves, therefore, with recommending it to every reader, merely transcribing, as not only strongly illustrative of PENN's character, but of the administration of the law in the seventeenth century, the following account, by a witness, of a

JUDICIAL EXAMINATION.

Sir John Robinson. What is this person's name? [*Note.*—The *mittimus* was already made, and his name put in.] Constable. Mr. Penn, sir.—J. R. Is your name Penn? W. P. Dost thou not know me? Hast thou forgot me?—J. R. I don't know you; I don't desire to know such as you are. W. P. If not, why didst thou send for me hither?—J. R. Is Penn your name, sir? W. P. Yes, yes, my name is Penn; thou knowest it is: I am not ashamed of my name.—J. R. Constable, where did you find him? Const. At Wheeler-street, at a meeting, speaking to the people.—J. R. You mean he was speaking to an unlawful assembly? Const. I do not know, indeed, sir; he was there, and he was speaking.—J. R. Give them their oaths. W. P. Hold, do not swear the men; there is no need of it: I freely acknowledge that I was at Wheeler-street, and that I spake to an assembly of people there.—J. R. and several others. He confesseth it. W. P. I do so; I am not ashamed of my testimony.—J. R. No matter, give them their oaths. [*Note.*—They were sworn to answer such questions as should be asked, upon which they gave

the evidence before given by the constable.] J. R. Mr. Penn, you know the law better than I can tell you; and you know these things are contrary to the law. W. P. If thou believest me to be better known in the law than thyself, hear me; for I know no law I have transgressed. All laws are to be considered either strictly literally, or more explanatorily and lenitively. Considered in the first sense, the execution of many laws may be *extrema injuria*, the greatest wrong: taken in the latter sense, the execution may be wisdom and moderation. I would have thee make the latter thy choice. Now, whereas I am probably to be tried by the late Act against conventicles, I conceive it doth not reach me.—J. R. No, sir, J shall not proceed upon that law. W. P. What law, then? I am sure that was intended for the standard upon these occasions.—J. R. The Oxford Act of six months. W. P. That of all laws cannot concern me; for, first, I was never in orders, neither episcopally nor classically, and one of them is intended by the preamble of the Act.—J. R. No, no. *Any* that speak in unlawful assemblies, and *you* spoke in an unlawful assembly. W. P. Two things are to be considered; first, that the words "such as speaking in any unlawful assemblies," alter the case much; for those words relate to the preamble, and cannot concern persons in any other qualification than under some ordination or mark of priesthood. I am persuaded thou knowest I am no such person. I was never ordained, nor have I any particular charge or stipend that may entitle me to such a function; and therefore I am wholly unconcerned in the word *such*. Secondly, an unlawful assembly is too general a word; the Act doth not define to us what is meant by an unlawful assembly.—J. R. But other Acts do. W. P. That is not to the purpose; for that may be an unlawful assembly in one Act that may, by circumstances, be not so adjudged in another; and it is hard that you will not stick to some one Act or law, but, to accomplish your ends, borrow a piece out of one Act to supply the defects of another of a different nature from it.—J. R. Will you swear? Will you take the oath that the Act requires of you? W. P. This is not to the purpose.—J. R. Read him the oath. I, W. P., do swear that it is not lawful, upon any pretence whatever, to take arms against the king, and that I do abhor that traitorous position of taking arms by his authority against his person, or against those that are commissioned by him, in pursuance of such commissions, and that I will not at any time endeavour any alteration of government, either in church or state.—J. R. Will you take it or no? W. P. What need I take an oath not to do that which it is my faith not to do, so far as concerns the king.—Lieut. Price. Then swear it. W. P. The oath, in that respect, is already answered, to all intents and purposes; for if I cannot fight against *any* man, much less against the king; what need I take an oath not to do it? Should I swear not to do what it is already against my conscience to do?—J. R. You will not take the oath, then?—W. P. What if I refuse the oath, not because of the matter contained in it, which can only criminate in the sense of the Act, but of scrupling *any* oath, shall I therefore be committed to prison? This is most unequal, unjust. It was about *fighting* that the oath and the Act were designed, and not taking of oaths; therefore the denying to swear when there is a denial to fight or plot, is no equitable ground for commitment.—J. R. Do you refuse to swear? W. P. Yes; and that upon better grounds than those for which thou wouldst *have* me swear, if thou wilt please to hear me.—J. R. I am sorry you should put me upon this severity; it is no pleasant work to me. W. P. These are but words: it is manifest that this is a *prepenae*, forethought, premeditated malice; thou hast several times laid the meetings for me, and this day particular.—J. R. No, I profess I could not tell you would be there. W. P. Thine own corporal told me that you had intelligence at the Tower that I would be at Wheeler-street to-day, almost as soon as I knew it myself. It is disingenuous and partial to act thus: I never gave thee occasion for such unkindness.—J. R. I knew no such thing; but if I had, I confess I should have sent for you. W. P. That might

have been spared; I do heartily believe it.—J. R. I vow, Mr. Penn, I am sorry for you; you are an ingenious gentleman, all the world must allow you, and *do* allow you that; and you have a plentiful estate; why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such a simple people? W. P. I confess I have made it my choice to relinquish the company of those who are ingeniously wicked, to converse with those that are more honestly simple.—J. R. I wish you wiser. W. P. And I wish thee better.—J. R. You have been as bad as other folks. W. P. When and where? I charge thee to tell the company to my face.—J. R. Abroad and at home too. Sir John Shelden (as is supposed) said, "No, no, Sir John, that is too much;" or words to that purpose. W. P. I make this bold challenge to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with ever having seen me drunk, heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word, much less that I ever made it my practice. I speak this to God's glory, who has ever preserved me from the power of those pollutions, and who from a child begot a hatred in me towards them. But there is nothing more common than, when men are of a more severe life than ordinary, for loose persons to comfort themselves with the conceit that they were once as they are; and as if there were no collateral or oblique line of the compass or globe that men may be said to come from to the arctic pole, but directly and immediately from the antarctic. Thy words shall be thy burden, and I trample thy slander as dirt under my feet.—J. R. Well, Mr. Penn, I have no ill-will towards you; your father was my friend, and I have a great deal of kindness for you. W. P. But thou hast an ill way of expressing it. You are grown too high to consider or regard the plea of those you call your forefathers for liberty of conscience against the Papists, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Bradford, &c. It was then plea good enough; my conscience will not let me go to mass, and my conscience wills that I should have an English Testament. But that single plea for separation, then considered reasonable, is now, by you who pretend to succeed them, adjudged unreasonable and factious. I say, since the only just cause of a first revolt from Rome was a dissatisfaction in point of conscience, you cannot reasonably persecute others who have right to the same plea, and yet allow that of your forefathers to be warrantable.—J. R. But you do nothing but stir up the people to sedition; and there was one of your friends told me that you preached sedition, and meddled with the government. W. P. We have the unhappiness to be misrepresented, and I am not the least concerned therein. Bring me the man that will dare to justify this accusation to my face; and if I am not able to make it appear that it is both *my* practice and the practice of all my friends to instil principles of peace and moderation into people's minds, and only to war against spiritual wickedness, that all men may be brought to fear God and to work righteousness, I shall contentedly undergo the punishment all your severest laws can expose me to. And as for the king, I make this offer: that if any man living can make it appear, directly or indirectly from the time that I have been called a Quaker, I have contrived or acted any thing injurious to his person or the English government, I shall submit my person to your utmost cruelties, and esteem them all but a due recompense. It is hard that I, being innocent, should be reputed guilty; but the will of God be done. I accept of bad report as well as of good report.—J. R. Well, I must send you to Newgate for six months, and when they are expired, you will come out. W. P. Is that all? Thou well knowest a larger imprisonment has not daunted me. I accept it at the hand of the Lord, and am content to suffer his will. Alas! you mistake your interest; you will miss your aim: that is not the way to compass your ends.—J. R. You bring yourself into trouble; you will be heading of parties, and drawing people after you. W. P. Thou mistakest: there is no such way as this of yours to render men remarkable. You are angry that I am considerable (popular), and yet you take the very way to make me so, by making this bustle and stir about one peaceable person.—J. R. I wish your

adhering to these things may not convert you to something at last. W. P. I would have thee and all men to know that I scorn that religion that is not worth suffering for, or which is not able to sustain those that are afflicted for it. Mine is, and whatever may be my lot for my constant profession of it, I am noways careful, but resigned to answer the will of God, by the loss of goods, of liberty, of life itself. When you have got all, you can have no more, and then, perhaps, you will be contented, and by that time you will be better informed of our innocency. Thy religion persecutes, and mine forgives: and I desire my God to forgive you and all that are concerned in my commitment, and I leave you all in perfect charity, wishing you everlasting salvation.—J. R. Send a corporal with a file of musketeers along with him. W. P. No; send thy lacquey: I know the way to Newgate.

It is impossible not to be struck with the fact, that the Quakers outstripped the rest of the age in their views of moral government and right interpretation of Christian doctrine,—views which were not merely speculative, but carried by them into daily practice, not only in their private concerns, but in the most public affairs of life. They had not one code of morals for the private citizen, and another for the statesman. Their rule of right was invariable. Nor were they less distinguished for liberality than for integrity. Whilst WILLIAM PENN stoutly denied the imputation of being a Roman Catholic, and displayed the manifest absurdity of persecuting him under so mistaken an idea, he had the noble courage at the same time to declare the right which the Catholics also had to freedom of conscience. He expresses his own and every true Christian's sentiments in the following question to the King of Poland, to which common sense as well as true religion can give but one answer. "Can clubs and staves, and swords and prisons, and banishments reach the soul, convert the heart, or convince the understanding of man?" We said that the Quakers of the seventeenth century were in advance of their age: we are not quite certain that they were not, in some respects, in advance of the present. The famous treaty of WILLIAM PENN with the aborigines of his American settlement might well put to the blush the narrow policy and wordly wisdom which is but too apt to prevail in the dealings of natives. And yet he and his little band of companions, armed not with weapons of war, but with kind feelings and honest intentions, made a treaty with these poor untutored children of nature, "*which never was broken.*" If good faith and Christian charity could thus prevail over the passions of *savages*, what might not the same principles effect, applied to the more enlarged reason and more cultivated affections of an educated people? Perhaps the time *may* come when there shall be no more war,—when the nations of the earth shall, in this sense at least, become friends.

Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journals and Letters. Edited by Two of her Daughters. In 2 vols. Vol. I. London, 1847. Gilpin, and Hatchard and Son.

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men's clothes; the scenes are too bad to be described, so that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us."

We are not surprised to learn that the reformation of this depraved and lawless assemblage was, even by Mrs. FRY and her coadjutors, at first deemed hopeless. But these truly brave-spirited women were not easily deterred where there was even the faintest hope of doing good. A nearer acquaintance with the unhappy objects of their benevolence convinced them that they yet partook of humanity, that they were not so lost as to have no desire of pursuing a better path, where the possibility of so doing was within their reach. No longer left to despair, they were no longer irreclaimable. "The poor women were earnest in their entreaties not to be excluded from the benefits which they began to perceive would result to themselves from improved habits." With the concurrence of the sheriffs and the City magistrates, who, though laudably willing to countenance any attempt at improvement, seem to have despaired of success, a society was formed in the April of the year 1817, consisting of eleven members of the Society of Friends, and the wife of a clergyman, to promote the improvement of the female prisoners in Newgate. With the consent of the prisoners, twelve rules were instituted for the arrangement, employment, classification, conduct, instruction, and occupation of time of these unhappy women. A monitor, chosen from among themselves, was appointed for each class, and a matron was engaged for the general superintendence. The ladies were unremitting in their personal endeavours, taking it in turn to visit the prison, inspect the proceedings of the inmates, awarding the merited blame or encouragement, and reading and explaining the Scriptures to those victims of the densest moral darkness. Nothing was taught on these occasions but the grand fundamental doctrines of Christianity. All allusion to sectarian differences was carefully avoided. We find from a long extract here given from Mrs. FRY's evidence before the House of Commons, that she had found the three great essentials of prison discipline to consist in religious instruction, classification, and employment. These are, in fact, the three necessities common to humanity. Without God, without suitable associates, without work, man's immortal spirit, his human affections, his time, are wide of the objects for which they were given, and to which these properties correspond, and are consequently lost, or rather perverted. What ought to have been good becomes evil.

Notwithstanding many discouragements, proceeding from the very nature of their enterprise, the little sympathy they obtained in an undertaking deemed so visionary—the want of pecuniary means, and the difficulty of procuring a sufficiency of employment for the prisoners, Mrs. FRY and her admirable companions in well-doing set vigorously to work in pursuit of the hard but noble task they had imposed upon themselves. The results of their benevolent labours were soon perceptible. One fortnight after the adoption of the new rules, the following account of the state of that part of Newgate under their influence is given by a gentleman who visited the prison for the purpose of testing their efficacy.

I went and requested permission to see Mrs. Fry, which was shortly obtained, and I was conducted by a turnkey to the entrance of the women's wards. On my approach, no loud or dissonant sounds, or angry voices indicated that I was about to enter a place which I was credibly assured had long had for one of its titles that of "Hell above ground." The court-yard into which I was admitted, instead of being peopled with beings scarcely

human, blaspheming, fighting, swearing, tearing each other's hair, or gaming with a filthy pack of cards for the very clothes they wore, which often did not suffice even for decency, presented a scene where stillness and propriety reigned. I was conducted by a decently dressed person—the newly-appointed yards-woman, to the door of a ward, where, at the head of a long table, sat a lady, belonging to the Society of Friends. She was reading aloud to about sixteen women prisoners, who were engaged in needle-work around it. Each wore a clean-looking blue apron and bib; with a ticket having a number on it suspended from her neck by a red tape. They all rose on my entrance, curtsied respectfully, and then, at a signal given, resumed their seats and employments. Instead of a scowl, a leer, or ill-suppressed laugh, I observed upon their countenances an air of self-respect and gravity, a sort of consciousness of their improved character, and the altered position in which they were placed. I afterwards visited the other wards, which were the counterparts of the first.

The City authorities seemed to have been equally delighted and amazed at the success of Mrs. FRY's labours. They testified their sense of the value of her arrangements by adopting them immediately as part of the system of Newgate, authorising her and her associates to punish the refractory by short confinements. A matron was now regularly appointed, who was paid in part by the corporation, and in part by an annual salary of twenty pounds from the funds of the Ladies' Association. Many other expenses were necessarily incurred by these excellent ladies in the prosecution of their benevolent plan, expenses to which their private resources were inadequate. Mrs. FRY's relations, with the cordial sympathy which seems to have distinguished the family, afforded her very liberal pecuniary aid. A subscription was also opened, to which the sheriffs added the sum of eighty pounds.

The most gratifying evidence of the happy effect of their labours was afforded the ladies, by a petition of the most urgent nature from the untied females to be admitted to a participation in the advantages which had hitherto been accorded only to the tried. In consequence, their treatment was embraced in the same system. The result, though highly advantageous, was not, from obvious reasons, so completely successful as among the tried. As a whole, however, the plan had been so eminently and unexpectedly productive of the highest benefit, as to admit but of one opinion with regard to its practicability and importance. A vote of thanks was unanimously carried in a committee of aldermen met for the purpose of considering all matters relating to the City goals, to "Mrs. ELIZABETH FRY and the other ladies who have so kindly exerted themselves with a view to bettering the condition of the women confined in the gaol of Newgate." Their exertions began to attract the attention of the public, were noticed in the journals, and drew upon Mrs. Fry the attention of all who were interested in prison reform. Letters flowed in from all parts of the country, from magistrates desirous of improving the condition of the prisoners under their control, and ladies wishing to form associations for the same benevolent purpose. Visits were made by the most distinguished people in the kingdom, and their labours finally attracted the attention of Parliament. Mrs. FRY was examined in February 1818, before a Committee of the House of Commons "On the Prisons of the Metropolis." Her opinions, the result of her experience, are very fully developed in the extracts from the minutes of her evidence upon that occasion. Our limits forbid us from enlarging here to any greater extent upon the subject.

All this notoriety was matter of satisfaction to Mrs. FRY, inasmuch as it promoted the general prosperity and extension of the good cause in which she was embarked; but her characteristic humility and self-distrust led her to be anxious with regard to the effect it might have upon her own mind. We find her in her journal expressing apprehension that so much commendation and applause might prove a temptation to "self-exaltation and worldly pride,"—nay accusing herself of yielding to a degree of haughtiness. According to her custom she seeks in Divine assistance a relief in all perplexities. Amidst all her avocations of a public nature, we find Mrs. FRY at this period as unremitting as ever in the prosecution of her private duties, as anxious for the welfare of all, as happy in the bosom of her own family. Some persons appear to have had doubts with regard to the eligibility of her proceedings, but the whole tenour of her life was such as to silence all objections. Mrs. FRY's sensitive disposition rendered her peculiarly alive to the disapprobation of others; but she had too earnest and sincere a mind to be guided by any opinion that did not approve itself to her own clear, because upright and pure mind. The principal private event during this year appears to have been the marriage of her brother Mr. JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY. Her grown-up daughters had also returned to make once more a portion of the family circle.

It was a welcome refreshment to Mrs. FRY to withdraw for a season from the scene of her labours to her quiet and pleasant home at Plashet. About this time (the spring of the year 1818), we find her attention much awakened to the consideration of the then existing law of capital punishment. Such at this period was the terrible severity of the criminal code, that offences of almost all grades and descriptions were then punishable with death. Almost every variety of robbery and fraud, although unattended with personal violence, could be treated as a capital offence. And this was particularly true with regard to cases of forgery. As might have been supposed, the state of the law tended to defeat its own object. The humanity of the public frequently permitted it to be broken with impunity, rather than visit the transgressor with a punishment so disproportionate to his offence. The farther consequence was great injustice and inequality in the execution of the law. Punishment was not always the lot of the most guilty, or escape of the most innocent. The evil, however, had now arrived at such an excess as to be no longer borne in silence. Public opinion began to clamour on the side of mercy. Statesmen and legislators now argued against the inexpediency and inefficacy, as well as the cruelty, of this law of blood. It was obvious that a clearer light had arisen—a happier day had dawned; a day which, we trust, is now about to approach its meridian brightness!

Whilst this subject afforded matter for the debates of senators, and the theories of philosophers, it also occupied the thoughtful mind of the benevolent Quakeress. An intimate acquaintance with the practical working of the law, led her to the conclusion that capital punishment did not tend to "the security of the people," "the reformation of any party," or "to deter others from crime;"—in short, answered not one end of justice. Many individual cases awakened her warmest commiseration, and helped to increase the intense interest she felt in common with all whose humanity had induced them to consider the subject, in the issue of the agitation then pervading the mind of the public. Amongst others the strongest compassion was excited

in the case of HARRIET SKELTON—a young woman condemned for forgery. Prompted by her own feelings, as well as by the urgent entreaties of others, Mrs. FRY made strenuous efforts to save the life of this unfortunate woman. She applied herself, as well as through the Duke of GLOUCESTER, to Lord SIDMOUTH. Accompanied by this prince, she also sought to obtain from the Directors of the Bank of England the benefit of a strange power which they then possessed, under favour of an Act of Parliament, to select “such as were not to die” to plead “guilty to the minor count.” But all in vain. Expressing herself strongly on the Bank of England cases, and thereby causing indirectly much excitement, she was the means of giving Lord SIDMOUTH considerable annoyance, which that nobleman expressed in such a manner as obliged her to declare “that she could hold no further direct communications with one who assumed to doubt her veracity, unless some explanation was offered.” This misunderstanding, which subsequent efforts to reconcile only served to confirm, seems to have caused Mrs. FRY much distress. The case of HARRIET SKELTON, the unhappy cause of this disagreement, is so strikingly illustrative of the prevailing abuses, that we shall here transcribe the short account given in this memoir of the petty crime for which she suffered the utmost penalty of the law.

Among the rest was a woman named Harriet Skelton. A very child might have read her countenance—open, confiding, expressing strong feeling, but neither hardened in depravity, nor capable of cunning: her story bore out this impression. Under the influence of the man she loved, she had passed forged notes; adding one more to the melancholy list of those who, by the first impulses of our nature, have been lured to their own destruction. She was ordered for execution—the sentence was unlooked for; her deportment in the prison had been good, amenable to regulations, quiet, and orderly. Some of her companions in guilt had been heard to say that they supposed she was chosen to death because she was better prepared than the rest of them.

And thus was this poor victim of legal cruelty cut off in the bloom of youth and health, and full of humanity's warmest affections, from a world to which she might have contributed happiness, and deprived by the fiat of man of the life bestowed by her Creator for the development, purification, and exercise of those better impulses of our fallible nature, in which she certainly displayed no deficiency. Thank God,—this is now but a tale of the things which have been.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY.

History of the Girondists; or, Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution. From Unpublished Sources. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, SVQ. London, 1847: Henry G. Bohn.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

PROFESSING to be a work intermediate between history and memoirs, as this does, there is a book by an English author upon the very same subject which, as we read, will sometimes provoke comparison with the one before us. *The French Revolution*, by THOMAS CARLYLE, like *The History of the Girondists*, by LAMARTINE, is a succession of portraits and tableaux, rather than a continuous and succinct history. In neither (as LAMARTINE says of his own work) “do events occupy so much space as men and ideas;” both are crowded with details, but details, as justly has been observed, “are the physiognomy of cha-

acters, and by them they engrave themselves on the imagination.” The association of these writers is, however, not favourable to our countryman. He is always in extremes; he loves strong effects, striking contrasts; his light and shade are those of REMBRANDT, where we find details sacrificed for a brilliant centre. It is otherwise with the Frenchman whose scenes are drawn with the comprehensive accuracy of LEONARDO, and coloured throughout with the luminous tones of VELASQUEZ or MURILLO. CARLYLE writes frequently under impulse and prejudice; LAMARTINE, dispassionately, with steady and uniform power. Both have elaborated their works with the highest finish; each is excellent in his way, but we prefer this book, chiefly for the reasons above set forth.

Let us now recur to the pages of this admirable work, and lay before the reader further passages, which, while they amuse, may also enable him to judge of the conclusions we have drawn and here expressed. The following observations on what the Revolution might have been are just and sagacious:—

The Revolution in all its comprehensive bearings was not understood at that period by any one, except, perchance, Robespierre and the thorough-going democrats. The king viewed it only as a vast reform, the Duc d'Orleans as a great faction, Mirabeau but in its political point of view, La Fayette only in its constitutional aspect, the Jacobins as a vengeance, the mob as the abasing of the higher orders, the nation as a display of patriotism. None ventured as yet to contemplate its ultimate consummation. All was thus blind, except the Revolution itself. The virtue of the Revolution was in the idea which forced these men on to accomplish it, and not in those who actually accomplished it: all its instruments were vitiated, corrupt, or personal; but the idea was pure, incorruptible, divine. The vices, passions, selfishness of men, were inevitably doomed to produce in the coming crises those shocks, those violences, those perversities, and those crimes, which are to human passions what consequences are to principles. If each of the parties or men, mixed up from the first day with these great events, had taken their virtues instead of their impulses as the rule of their actions, all these disasters which eventually crushed them would have been saved to them and to their country. If the king had been firm and sagacious, if the clergy had been free from a longing for things temporal, and if the aristocracy had been good—if the people had been moderate, if Mirabeau had been honest, if La Fayette had been decided, if Robespierre had been humane—the Revolution would have progressed, majestic and calm as a heavenly thought, through France, and thence through Europe; it would have been installed like a philosophy in facts, in laws, and in creeds. But it was otherwise decreed. The holiest, most just, and virtuous thought, when it passes through the medium of imperfect humanity, comes out in rags and in blood. Those very persons who conceived it, no longer recognise, disavow it. Yet it is not permitted, even to crime, to degrade the truth; that survives all, even its victims. The blood which sullies men does not stain its idea; and despite the selfishness which debases it, the infamies which trammel it, the crimes which pollute it, the blood-stained Revolution purifies itself, feels its own worth, triumphs, and will triumph.

We give LAMARTINE's outline of the life and description of the person of that wonderful man, ROBESPIERRE, for such in a literal sense he was. Had DENNER painted the portrait, and LAVATER outlined the character, of this incorruptible and single-minded zealot, the one could not have been more minutely faithful in depicting the person, nor the other more exact in describing the moral physiognomy, than LAMARTINE in doing both:—

ROBESPIERRE.

There are abysses that we dare not sound, and

characters we desire not to fathom, for fear of finding in them too great darkness, too much horror; but history, which has the unflinching eye of time, must not be chilled by these terrors, she must understand while she undertakes to recount. Maximilien Robespierre was born at Arras, of a poor family, honest and respectable; his father, who died in Germany, was of English origin. This may explain the shade of Puritanism in his character. The bishop of Arras had defrayed the cost of his education. Young Maximilien had distinguished himself on leaving college by a studious life, and austere manners. Literature and the bar shared his time. The philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau had made a profound impression on his understanding: the philosophy, falling upon an active imagination, had not remained a dead letter; it had become in him a leading principle, a faith, a fanaticism. In the strong mind of a sectarian, all conviction becomes a thing apart. Robespierre was the Luther of politics: and in obscurity he brooded over the confused thoughts of the renovation of the social world, and the religious world, as a dream which unavailingly beset his youth, when the Revolution came to offer him what destiny always offers to those who watch her progress, opportunity. He seized on it. He was named deputy of the third estate in the States General. Alone perhaps among all these men who opened at Versailles the first scene of this vast drama, he foresaw the termination; like the soul, whose seat in the human frame philosophers have not discovered, the thought of an entire people sometimes concentrates itself in the individual, the least known in the great mass. We should not despise any, for the finger of Destiny marks in the soul and not upon the brow. Robespierre had nothing: neither birth, nor genius, nor exterior which should point him out to men's notice. There was nothing conspicuous about him; his limited talent had only shone at the bar or in provincial academies: a few verbal harangues, filled with a tame and almost rustic philosophy, some bits of cold and affected poetry, had vainly displayed his name in the insignificance of the literary productions of the day: he was more than unknown, he was mediocre and contemned. His features presented nothing which could attract attention, when gazing round in a large assembly: there was no sign in visible characters of this power which was all within; he was the last word of the Revolution, but no one could read him.

Robespierre's figure was small, his limbs feeble and angular, his step irresolute, his attitudes affected, his gestures destitute of harmony or grace; his voice, rather shrill, aimed at oratorical inflexions, but only produced fatigue and monotony; his forehead was good, but small and extremely projecting above the temples, as if the mass and embarrassed movement of his thoughts had enlarged by their efforts; his eyes, much covered by their lids and very sharp at the extremities, were deeply buried in the cavities of their orbits; they gave out a soft blue hue, but it was vague and unfixed, like a steel reflector on which a light glances; his nose, straight and small, was very wide at the nostrils, which were high and too expanded; his mouth was large, his lips thin and disagreeably contracted at each corner; his chin small and pointed, his complexion yellow and livid, like that of an invalid or a man worn out by vigils and meditations. The habitual expression of this visage was that of superficial serenity on a serious mind, and a smile wavering betwixt sarcasm and condescension. There was softness, but of a sinister character. The prevailing characteristic of this countenance was the prodigious and continual tension of brow, eyes, mouth, and all the facial muscles. In regarding him it was perceptible that the whole of his features, like the labour of his mind, converged incessantly on a single point with such power that there was no waste of will in his temperament, and he appeared to foresee all he desired to accomplish, as though he had already the reality before his eyes. Such then was the man destined to absorb in himself all those men, and make them his victims after he had used them as his instruments. He was of no party, but of all parties which in their turn served his ideal of the Revolution. In this his power consisted; for par-

ties paused, but he never did. He placed this ideal as an end to reach in every revolutionary movement, and advanced towards it with those who sought to attain it; then, this goal reached, he placed it still further off, and again marched forward with other men, continually advancing without ever deviating, ever pausing, ever retreating. The Revolution, decimated in its progress, must one day or other inevitably arrive at a last stage, and he desired it should end in himself. He was the entire incorporation of the Revolution,—principles, thoughts, passions, impulses. Thus incorporating himself wholly with it, he compelled it one day to incorporate itself in him—that day was a distant one.

The unhappy position of the Royal Family after capture on their flight from the capital, and the indignities and vexations they (who had been used to command, and habitually looked for respect and obedience,) endured, may be partly learnt from the following passage:—

The service of the château went on as usual; but La Fayette gave the pass-word without first receiving it from the king. The iron gates of the courts and gardens were locked. The royal family submitted to La Fayette the list of persons whom they desired to receive. Sentinels were placed at every door, in every passage, in the corridors between the chambers of the king and queen. The doors of these chambers were constantly kept open—even the queen's bed was inspected. Every place, the most sacred, was suspected; female modesty was in no wise respected. The gestures, looks, and words of the king and queen all were watched, spied, and noted. They were obliged to manage by stealth some secret interviews. An officer of the guard passed twenty-four hours at a time at the end of a dark corridor, which was placed behind the apartment of the queen's,—a single lamp lighted it, like the vault of a dungeon. This post, detested by the officers on service, was sought after by the devotion of some of them; they affected zeal in order to cloak their respect. Saint Prix, a celebrated actor of the Theatre Français, frequently accepted this post,—he favoured the hasty interviews of the king, his wife, and sister. In the evening one of the queen's women moved her bed between that of her mistress and the open door of the apartment, that she might thus conceal her from the eyes of the sentinels. One night the commandant of the guard, who watched between the two doors, seeing that this woman was asleep, and the queen was awake, ventured to approach the couch of his royal mistress, and gave her in a low tone some information and advice as to her situation. This conversation aroused the sleeping attendant, who, alarmed at seeing a man in uniform close to the royal bed, was about to call aloud, when the queen desired her to be silent, saying, "Do not alarm yourself; this is a good Frenchman, who is mistaken as to the intentions of the king and myself, but whose conversation betokens a sincere attachment to his masters." Providence thus made some of their persecutors to convey some consolation to the victims. The king, so resigned, so unmoved, was bowed for a moment beneath the weight of so many troubles—so much humiliation. Such was his mental occupation, that he remained for ten days without exchanging a word with one of his family. His last struggle with misfortune seemed to have exhausted his strength. He felt himself vanquished, and desired, it would almost seem, to die by anticipation. The queen, throwing herself at his feet, and presenting to him his children, forced him to break this mournful silence. "Let us," she exclaimed, "preserve all our fortitude, in order to sustain this long struggle with fortune. If our destruction be inevitable, there is still left to us the choice of how we will perish; let us perish as sovereigns, and do not let us wait without resistance, and without vengeance, until they come and strangle us on the very floor of our own apartments!" The queen had the heart of a hero; Louis XVI. had the soul of a sage; but the genius which combines wisdom with valour was wanting

to both: the one knew how to struggle—the other knew how to submit—neither knew how to reign.

The seduction of beauty, and the melting prestige of royalty, on a patriot who had a susceptible heart, are shewn in the recital of the

DEFECTION OF BARNAVE.

A sentiment more noble than that of his personal safety impelled Barnave to side with the monarchical party. His heart had passed before his ambition to the side of weakness, beauty, and misfortune. Nothing is more dangerous than for a sensitive man to know those against whom he contends. Hatred against the cause shrinks before the feeling for the persons. We become partial unwittingly. Sensibility disarms the understanding, and we soften instead of reasoning, whilst the sensitiveness of a commiserating man soon usurps the place of his opinion. It was thus that Barnave's mind was worked upon, after the return from Varennes. The interest he had conceived for the queen had converted this young republican into a royalist. Barnave had only previously known this princess through a cloud of prejudice, amid which parties enshroud those whom they wish to have detested. A sudden communication caused this conventional atmosphere to dissipate, and he adored, when close, what he had calumniated at a distance. The very character which fortune had cast for him in the destiny of this woman had something unexpected and romantic, capable of dazzling his lofty imagination, and deeply affecting his generous disposition. Young, obscure, unknown but a few months before, and now celebrated, popular, and powerful—thrown in the name of a sovereign assembly between the people and the king—he became the protector of those whose enemy he had been. Royal and suppliant hands met his plebeian touch! He who opposed the popular royalty of talent and eloquence to the royalty of the blood of the Bourbons! He covered with his body the life of those who had been his masters. His very devotion was a triumph; the object of that devotion was in his queen. That queen was young, handsome, majestic; but brought to the level of ordinary humanity by her alarm for her husband and his children. Her tearful eyes besought their safety from Barnave's eyes. He was the leading orator in that assembly which held the fate of the monarch in his house. He was the favourite of that people whom he controlled by a gesture, and whose fury he averted during the long journey between the throne and death. The queen had placed her son, the young dauphin, between his knees. Barnave's fingers had played with the fair hair of the child. The king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, had distinguished, with tact, Barnave from the inflexible and brutal Pétion. They had conversed with him as to their situation: they complained of having been deceived as to the nature of the public mind in France. They unveiled their repentance and constitutional inclinations. These conversations, marred in the carriage by the presence of the other commissioner and the eyes of the people, had been stealthily and more intimately renewed in the meetings which the royal family nightly held. Mysterious political correspondences and secret interviews in the Tuileries were contrived. Barnave, the inflexible partisan, reached Paris a devoted man. The nocturnal conference of Mirabeau with the queen, in the park of Saint Cloud, was ambitioned by his rival; but Mirabeau sold, Barnave gave, himself. Heaps of gold bought the man of genius; a glance seduced the man of sentiment.

Here is a powerful portrait of the mysterious dark-minded

MARAT.

Marat was born in Switzerland. A writer without talent, a *savant* without reputation, with a desire for fame without having received from society or nature the means of acquiring either, he revenged himself on all that was great not only in society but in nature. Genius was as hateful to him as aristocracy. Wherever he saw any thing elevated or striking he hunted it down as though it were a deadly enemy. He would have levelled creation. Equality was his mania, because superiority was his martyrdom; he loved the Revolution because it

brought down all to his level; he loved it even to blood, because blood washed out the stain of his long-during obscurity. He made himself a public denouncer by the popular title; he knew that denouncement is flattery to all who tremble, and the people are always trembling. A real prophet of demagoguism, inspired by insanity, he gave his nightly dreams to daily conspiracies. The Seid of the people, he interested it by his self-devotion to its interests. He affected mystery like all oracles. He lived in obscurity, and only went out at night; he only communicated with his fellows with the most sinister precautions. A subterranean cell was his residence, and there he took refuge safe from poniard and poison. His journal affected the imagination like something supernatural. Marat was wrapped in real fanaticism. The confidence reposed in him nearly amounted to worship. The fumes of the blood he incessantly demanded had mounted to his brain. He was the delirium of the Revolution, himself a living delirium!

The life of VOLTAIRE, the effects of his genius upon the French, and the estimate of his powers, though long, is so pertinent and just, that a single sentence cannot be spared without injury to the whole.

VOLTAIRE AND HIS TIMES.

Voltaire was born a plebeian in an obscure street of old Paris.* Whilst Louis XIV. and Bossuet reigned in all the pomp of absolute power and Catholicism at Versailles, the child of the people, the Moses of incredulity, grew up amidst them; the secrets of destiny seemed thus to sport with men, and are alone suspected when they have exploded. The throne and the altar had attained their culminating point in France. The Duc d'Orleans, as regent, governed during an interregnum,—one vice in the room of another, weakness instead of pride. This life was easy and agreeable, and corruption avenged itself for the monacal austerity of the last years of Madame de Maintenon and Letellier. Voltaire, alike precocious by audacity as by talent began already to sport with those weapons of the mind of which he was destined, after years, to make so terrible a use. The regent, all unsuspecting of danger, suffered him to continue, and repressed, for form's sake alone, some of the most audacious of his outbreaks, at which he laughed even whilst he punished them. The incredulity of the age took its rise in debauchery and not in examination, and the independence of thought was rather a *libertinage* of manners, than a conclusion arising from reflection. There was vice in irreligion, and of this Voltaire always savoured. His mission began by a contempt and derision of holy things, which, even though doomed to destruction, should be touched with respect. From thence arose that mockery, that irony, that cynicism, too often on the lips and in the heart of the apostle of reason; his visit to England gave assurance and gravity to his incredulity, for in France he had only known libertines, in London he knew philosophers; he became passionately attached to eternal reason, as we are all eager after what is new, and he felt the enthusiasm of the discovery. In so active a nature as the French, this enthusiasm and this hatred could not remain in mere speculation as in the mind of a native of the north. Scarcely was he himself persuaded, than he wished in his turn to persuade others; his whole life became a multiplied action, tending to one end—the abolition of theocracy, and the establishment of religious toleration and liberty. He toiled at this with all the powers with which God had gifted him; he even employed falsehood (*ruse*), aspersion, cynicism, and immorality: he used even those arms that respect for God and man denies to the wise; he employed his virtue, his honour, his renown, to aid in this overthrow; and his apostleship of reason had too often the appearance of a profanation of piety; he ravaged the temple instead of protecting it.

From the day when he resolved upon this war against Christianity he sought for allies also opposed to it. His intimacy with the King of Prussia,

* It has been generally understood that Voltaire was born at Châtenay, near Paris, in February 1694.—H. T. R.

Frederic II. had this sole inducement. He desired the support of thrones against the priesthood. Frederic, who partook of his philosophy, and pushed it still further, even to atheism and the contempt of mankind was the Dionysius of this modern Plato. Louis XV., whose interest it was to keep up a good understanding with Prussia, dared not to shew his anger against a man whom the king considered as his friend. Voltaire, thus protected by a sceptre, redoubled his audacity. He put thrones on one side, whilst he affected to make their interests mutual with his own, by pretending to emancipate them from the domination of Rome. He handed over to kings the civil liberty of the people, provided that they would aid him in acquiring the liberty of consciences. He even affected—perhaps he felt—respect for the absolute power of kings. He pushed that respect so far as even to worship their weaknesses. He palliated the infamous vices of the great Frederic, and brought philosophy on its knees before the mistresses of Louis XV. Like the courtesan of Thebes, who built one of the pyramids of Egypt from the fruits of her debaucheries, Voltaire did not blush at any prostitution of genius, provided that the wages of his servility enabled him to purchase enemies against Christ. He enrolled them by millions throughout Europe, and especially in France. Kings were reminded of the middle ages, and of the thrones outraged by the popes. They did not see, without umbrage and secret hate, the clergy as powerful as themselves with the people, and who under the name of cardinals, almoners, bishops or confessors, spied, or dictated its creeds even to courts themselves. The parliaments, that civil clergy, a body redoubtable to sovereigns themselves, detested the mass of the clergy, although they protected its faith and its decrees. The nobility, warlike, corrupted, and ignorant, leaned entirely to the unbelief which freed it from all morality. Finally, the *bourgeoisie*, well-informed or learned, prefaced the emancipation of the third estate by the insurrection of the new condition of ideas.

Such were the elements of the revolution in religious matters. Voltaire laid hold of them at the precise moment with that *coup d'œil* of strong instinct which sees clearer than genius itself. To an age young, fickle, and unreflecting, he did not present reason under the form of an austere philosophy, but beneath the guise of a facile freedom of ideas, and a scoffing irony. He would not have succeeded in making his age think, he did succeed in making it smile. He never attacked it in front nor with his face uncovered, in order that he might not set the laws in array against him; and to avoid the fate of Servetius, he, the modern *Æsop*, attacked under imaginary names the tyranny which he wished to destroy. He concealed his hate in history, the drama, light poetry, romance, and even in jests. His genius was a perpetual allusion, comprehending all his age, but impossible to be seized on by his enemies. He struck, but his hand was concealed. Yet the struggle of a man against a priesthood, an individual against an institution, a life against eighteen centuries, was by no means destitute of courage.

There is an incalculable power of conviction and devotion of idea, in the daring of one against all. To brave at once, with no other power than individual reason, with no other support than conscience, human consideration, that cowardice of the mind, masked under respect for error; to dare the hatred of earth and the anathema of heaven, is the heroism of the writer. Voltaire was not a martyr in his body, but he consented to be one in his name, and devoted it during his life and after his death. He condemned his own ashes to be thrown to the winds, and not to have either an asylum or a tomb. He resigned himself even to lengthened exile in exchange for the liberty of a free combat. He isolated himself voluntarily from men, in order that their too close contact might not interfere with his thoughts.

At eighty years of age, feeble, and feeling his death nearly approaching, he several times made his preparations hastily, in order to go and struggle still, and die at a distance from the roof of his old age. The unwearied activity of his mind was never checked for a moment. He carried his gaiety

even to genius, and under that pleasantry of his whole life we may perceive a grave power of perseverance and conviction. Such was the character of this great man. The enlightened serenity of his mind concealed the depth of its workings: under the joke and laugh his constancy of purpose was hardly sufficiently recognised. He suffered all with a laugh, and was willing to endure all, even in absence from his native land, in his lost friendships, in his refused fame, in his blighted name, in his memory accursed. He took all—bore all—for the sake of the triumph of the independence of human reason. Devotion does not change its worth in changing its cause, and this was his virtue in the eyes of posterity. He was not the truth, but he was its precursor, and walked in advance of it.

One thing was wanting to him—the love of a God. He saw him in mind, and he detested those phantoms which ages of darkness had taken for him, and adored in his stead. He rent away with rage those clouds which prevent the divine idea from beaming purely on mankind; but his weakness was rather hatred against error than faith in the Divinity. The sentiment of religion, that sublime *résumé* of human thought; that reason which, enlightened by enthusiasm, mounts to God as a flame, and unites itself with him in the unity of the creation with the Creator, of the ray with the focus—this Voltaire never felt in his soul. Thence sprang the results of his philosophy: it created neither morals, nor worship, nor charity; it only decomposed—destroyed. Negative, cold, corrosive, sneering, it operated like poison—it froze—it killed—it never gave life. Thus, it never produced—even against the errors it assailed, which were but the human alloy of a divine idea—the whole effect it should have elicited. It made sceptics instead of believers. The theocratic reaction was prompt and universal, as it ought to have been. Impiety clears the soul of its consecrated errors, but does not fill the heart of man. Impiety alone will never ruin a human worship: a faith destroyed must be replaced by a faith. It is not given to irreligion to destroy a religion on earth. There is but a religion more enlightened which can really triumph over a religion fallen into contempt, by replacing it. The earth cannot remain without an altar, and God alone is strong enough against God.

Lastly, we must do LAMARTINE the justice to insert here his estimate of England at the period of the French Revolution, and thank him for the candour and liberality which characterises it.

ENGLAND AT THE TIME OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

England had been intellectually the model of nations, and the envy of the reflecting universe. Nature and its institutions had conferred upon it men worthy of its laws. Lord Chatham, sometimes leading the opposition, sometimes at the head of the government, had expanded the space of parliament to the proportions of his own character and his own language. Never did the manly liberty of a citizen before a throne—never did the legal authority of a prime minister before a people, display themselves in such a voice to assembled citizens. He was a public man in all the greatness of the phrase—the soul of a nation personified in an individual—the inspiration of the nation in the heart of a patrician. His oratory had something as grand as action—it was the heroic in language. The echo of Lord Chatham's discourses were heard—felt on the Continent. The stormy scenes of the Westminster elections shook to the very depths the feelings of the people, and that love of turbulence which slumbers in every multitude, and which it so often mistakes for the symptoms of true liberty. These words of counterpoise to royal power, to ministerial responsibility, to laws in operation, to the power of the people, explained at the present by a constitution—explained in the past by the accusation of Strafford, the tomb of Sidney, on the scaffold of a king, had resounded like old recollections and strange novelties. The English drama had the whole world for audience. The great actors for the moment were Pitt, the controller of

these storms, the intrepid organ of the throne, of order, and the laws of his country; Fox, the precursory tribune of the French Revolution, who propagated the doctrines by connecting them with the revolutions of England, in order to sanctify them in the eyes of the English; Burke, the philosophical orator, every one of whose orations was a treatise; then the Cicero of the opposition party, and who was so speedily to turn against the excesses of the French Revolution, and curse the new faith in the first victim immolated by the people; and lastly, Sheridan, an eloquent debauchee, liked by the populace for his levity and his vices, seducing his country, instead of elevating it. The warmth of the debates on the American war, and the Indian war, gave a more powerful interest to the storms of the English parliament.

SCIENCE.

Principles of Physics and Meteorology. Illustrated with Five Hundred and Thirty Engravings on Wood, and Two Coloured Plates. By J. MULLER. 8vo. London, 1847. Baillière.

THE improved system of education which now prevails, and is continually extending its boundaries, augments yearly the class of enquiring and scientific readers. Even now it is matter of reproach to all who betray ignorance of the elementary laws of science; and, as knowledge becomes further diffused, will be yet more so hereafter. Seasonably, for the assistance of all who desire, with the least possible labour, to learn the simple and beautiful laws which govern material bodies, appears the comprehensive and admirably compiled book before us. Its design, as stated in the preface, "is to render more easily accessible a greater degree of knowledge of the general principles of physics and meteorology than is usually obtained without a greater amount of time and labour than most persons can afford, or are willing to make." When the vast range of physical science is taken into consideration, it is wonderful that Professor MULLER should have been able to compress, within the space of a single volume all that it is material to know of the nature and properties of matter. Statics, hydrostatics, dynamics, hydrodynamics, pneumatics, the laws of undulation in general, sound, the theory of musical notes, the voice and hearing, geometrical and physical optics, magnetism, electricity, and galvanism, heat, meteorology, and, in fact, all the varieties of physical science, are here treated of and illustrated in a manner so clear and concise as to impress all who know the huge difficulty of popularly conveying such learning no less with surprise than admiration. Treating purely of scientific phenomena, and each subject being illustrated with woodcuts, the book does not afford material available for extract, or we should use it for that purpose. We can only therefore remark, that the work is in every sense deserving of unqualified praise; that it will be found extremely serviceable in colleges and among the upper forms of schools,—where, indeed, it would make one of the most useful of prizes, and we especially recommend it to such, and to the attention of every intellectual and inquiring person. We must add our praise to the publisher for the liberal spirit and excellent taste which he has shewn in bringing out the work: no expense has been thought too great; the illustrations, which are very numerous, and in fact are given wherever they could assist in rendering the theorem or fact more easily intelligible, are executed in the highest style of art, and with that beauty and accuracy which formerly were the characteristics of scientific works published abroad,

but, thanks to Mr. BAILLIÈRE and Mr. VAN VOORST, have, within the past few years, been introduced to the treatises published in this country.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales. By LOUISA STUART COSTELLO. London: Longman and Co.

MISS COSTELLO is always a pleasant travelling companion. She has so much more to tell about every place than meets the eye; she is so versed in the legends that lend the charm of romance to the countries through which she wanders; is so cheerful and so chatty, that she has become an established favourite, and her vocation is now to move about the world in order to instruct the less intelligent and enterprising how much is to be learned even from localities seemingly the most barren of interest.

After the experience of her good guidance abroad, it was with delight we read some time since an announcement that she had taken up the pilgrim's staff at home, and was about to give to the world her recollections. Nor does the volume disappoint expectation. She has produced the most accurate, copious, and interesting description of Wales, the most useful guide-book to that land of mountain, that was ever published. Here we have the same richly-coloured pictures of places, the same vivid sketches of persons and manners, the same interweaving of legend with narrative, that gave such deserved popularity to her Pyrenean tour. In proof, we take her description of

THE LAKE OF LLANBERIS.

All the inundated meadows and the lower part of the lake were covered in profusion with the white water-lily, holding up her transparent chalice to the sun, and shewing the golden cup within her bosom, as she seems to float on the surface of the waters, supported by her broad leaves, confined by their crimson stem from wandering away with the breeze; countless gilded water flowers were peeping up through the green leaves, and the snowy cotton-flower was waving along the banks in all directions. A few tufts of young heath were beginning to expand, giving promise of the beauty they could bestow when the summer was more advanced, and all the rocks must be purple with their fragrant blossoms. The two lakes shone like a mirror in the sun, as if in contrast to the gloom of those waters we had last seen in the rival valley a few days before. The first of these lakes is about a mile in length, and the second, connected with it by a narrow stream, is much longer, but not so deep. Mountains of the most graceful and singular forms rise from their edges in endless variety, and apparently in countless numbers. Erlidear, Garn, and Glydair on one hand, Crib Goch and Carnedd Higon on the other, are a few of the names of the most conspicuous. One was pointed out to us as Trevaen, a triple-headed rock, bearing a supposed resemblance to three pilgrims, and Wyddfa, as the Welsh call the highest point. Snowden looks powerfully over all, as if marshalling them to their duty as his body guard—even so Llywelyn called his chiefs when compelled in these passes to struggle for his possessions and his life.

As a specimen of her anecdotal and legendary lore, we present this

ANECDOTE OF THE TUDORS.

There is a somewhat comic story related of the family of Owen Tudor, the husband of Henry the Fifth's widow, Catherine of France, whose mother, it seems, resided in Anglesea. Although of high blood, their fortunes do not appear to have allowed the family to live according to English ideas of rank. Catherine had announced her intention of marrying the young Welshman, who first gained her good graces by a combination of agility and

awkwardness; for, in dancing before her, not being able to recover himself, in a turn, he fell into her lap as she sat on a little stool, with many of her ladies about her. The match she proposed to herself was considered beneath her dignity, owing to the supposed obscurity of Owen Tudor's birth. A deputation of English lords was therefore sent to Anglesea to report the style of his mother's living. They found themselves in as great perplexity as Sancho in reporting his interview with Dulcinea, for the matron was discovered sitting in a field surrounded by her goats, and eating a dried herring on her knees, having no other table. The lords did not dare to relate the case exactly as they found it, for the fair Catherine had already made her election, and they saw the ill-policy of too strictly adhering to truth; their account, therefore, ran as follows:—They said "the lady was seated in state, surrounded by her javelin-men, in a spacious palace, eating her repast from a table whose value was so great that she would not take hundreds of pounds for it."

Her intimate acquaintance with the Pyrenees makes her an authority in the comparison between

THE SCENERY OF WALES AND THE PYRENEES.

It is merely in the scale that there exists a superiority; and though Snowden, considered gigantic in Wales, would be a low hill at the foot of the proud Pic du Midi, and the graceful and towering Rivals would shrink before the range of the Valley d'Aspe, yet on the spot which they adorn they are as fine as the Pyrenees. The rushing mountain torrents of Wales, too, are minute to those that rush from the peaks of snow which frown between France and Spain; yet they are beautiful and picturesque in their own scenes, though their course through beds of peat, instead of over shining rocks, has coloured them with a rich brown, in place of the transparent jewelled green and blue, such as adorns the wings of the humming-bird, and which one sees glittering and foaming in the waters of the Gaves of Bearn.

No person should visit Wales without this volume in his carpet-bag.

FICTION.

The Way-side Cross; or, The Raid of Gomez: a Tale of the Carlist War. By Captain E. A. MILMAN. 8vo. London, 1847. John Murray.

FOR such as like a dashing-written story, one crammed with incident, and bountiful of situations produced by the workings of those most active and violent of the passions—love, jealousy, and hatred, here is a book to their mind. Originally this tale, the author informs us, was not written for publication, but to while away the tedium of the long winter nights of America; and "it is intended to depict the utter lawlessness and consequent misery of a naturally beautiful and gay country, such as Andalusia, under the blood-stained horrors of a civil war, and the poor control of a wretched, pusillanimous government." What the Captain's qualifications were for undertaking this task, further than it appears he was in garrison for some time at Gibraltar, and made frequent excursions with the Calpe fox-hounds, occasionally also taking short journeys for pleasure, in the south of Andalusia, do not appear. He does not seem to have himself witnessed any of the scenes in the Carlist war, and must therefore have gathered his impressions of these events from tradition or the newspapers. But howsoever he came by his information, he has produced a very entertaining book; and such is the dash and life-like spirit with which the scenes are sketched, that we have no doubt the work, on the whole, conveys an accurate picture of the perils and vicissitudes which

vary the life of the guerillas and chapelgorris of Spain.

The plot of the novel is not wholly fiction; and the characters, we are informed, are drawn from the life. Briefly, the story is this. A beautiful Andalusian girl (FRASCITA), residing with her uncle (LOPE DE VEGA), a smuggler, falls in love with a handsome young colonel (GOMEZ), in the service of DON CARLOS. The maiden is beloved and sought in marriage by a wealthy miller (MATEO), of determined character, implacable in hatred, and unrelenting in revenge. The incidents of which the story is composed are of the most exciting nature. The principal actors are of both sides in the civil war; they move chiefly among the Christianos, while the hero is a Carlist. The efforts made by the lovers to come together, the stratagems of the jealous and vindictive miller to thwart them, and bring to an unfavourable termination their romantic passion, under the circumstances of the time, and the country, afford, as may be imagined, ample opportunities for scenes of the highest degree of interest.

Our introduction to the hero and heroine of the story is at

A BULL-FIGHT.

The bull-ring in the old and picturesque town of Ronda was densely crowded: three bulls had already fallen beneath the unerring sword of the celebrated Montes; the fourth now entered; every eye was bent on him as suddenly he rushed into the arena, a dark red dun, with legs and muzzle black as Erebus. One moment he pauses, as if bewildered; the nearest horseman attracts his eye; in vain the gallant Pinto, the first Picador in Spain, exerts his sinewy strength and matchless skill against the charge of this champion of the plains: so furious is his onset, that horse and man roll over together amidst a cloud of dust; another and another share the same fate; the Chulos dare not approach, so wild and rapid are his attacks. Three times did this gallant bull clear the ring before the trumpet sounded for the Matador to appear. Montes has strained his wrist. The Primera Espada is to try his prowess with the redoubtable leader of the herd. One onset, and one only, did he sustain; so wicked was the charge, that though he escaped with a slight scratch, he dared no longer face so furious an enemy, but vaulted out of the ring, and no persuasion, or remonstrance, or sense of shame, could again induce him to enter it. The second Matador vowed that he would soon dispose of this troublesome customer. Vain boast! See, he turns and runs away—O, shame on a Matador!—amidst the hoots and yells of the tumultuous assembly, for so it had now become. The excitement is fearful to behold; in vain the people call upon the Matadors to come forward; none are found hardy enough to encounter so unequal an enemy. Suddenly a man, young, handsome, and splendidly dressed in the *Maño* costume, jumped into the outer circle of the arena, and, taking off his hat, asked permission of the *Alcalde* to try his courage and skill against this savage and implacable foe. His tall and graceful figure, unassuming manner, and manly daring, made an immediate impression on the crowd. In vain did the magnates try to dissuade him from making the attempt; he would take no denial. At length they yielded. Snatching a cloak and sword belonging to the unsuccessful Matador, with one bound he cleared the inner barrier, felt the point of his weapon, and quietly waited until the bull should see him.

At this moment not a sound could be heard in all that dense throng, save the deep-drawn breath of intense anxiety. Suddenly the bull perceived his new antagonist. On, on he came with a rapidity and savage force that threatened at once to annihilate the stranger. A thrilling shudder passed over the crowd. Still, all was silent as the grave, save where one low heart-rending scream might have been heard; but the minds of the people were so wrapt up in the approaching contest, that no one seemed to heed it. They are now front to front, human skill and courage opposed to brute force;

how unequal seemed the fight! Gracefully waving his bright red cloak to attract the monster's eye, the stranger firmly awaited the attack, and well and nobly did he sustain his boast. Suffering the bull to make his first assay, he did not attempt to use his sword, but suddenly drawing the cloak aside and throwing it over his shoulder, he allowed the bull to pass by in his headlong career. Again the monster faces him, and he this time, holding the cloak out before him with his left arm, whilst he grasped his keen and well-tempered sword in his right hand, permitted the bull to charge straight at him: they meet; a cloud of dust obscures them for a moment; it clears: there stands the stranger, erect and unscathed; the bull is rolling over in his death-agony, the trenchant point had severed the spine. So rapidly, so beautifully was it executed, that the eye could scarcely follow it. Tumultuous vivas greet the conqueror as, bowing to the authorities, he returned the cloak and sword. A fair cheek that a moment past had been deadly pale, now crimsoned like a damask rose; a pair of jet black eyes, just now obscured with tears, now sparkled like lustrous diamonds. Their glances have met the stranger's, as quietly he withdrew among the crowd; it was enough—the stranger was repaid. "Who is he?" was whispered around: no one seemed to know; and curiosity was soon lost or deadened for a time, for another bull bounded into the circle. "Ha! how is this?" muttered a swarthy but at the same time handsome Andalusian, whose frowning brow shewed that he was ill-pleased at some occurrence. "Ha! how is this? Does, can Frascita know this stranger?"—and he stole a look at one of the loveliest black-eyed beauties of the sierras who was sitting beside him—"She does, she must; or why those tears—that scream? Our Andalusian girls are not wont to weep at a bull-fight. Ha, let him beware how he crosses my path!" and he knit his brows, and clenched his teeth, till he looked like a fiend.

Shortly afterwards the lovers contrived to travel together in a diligence from Jaen d'Cor-dova; suddenly the conveyance is attacked by Carlists.

But hark! What is that? A hissing, ringing sound whistles by, followed by a loud report that echoes through the wild ravine. Another and another follows in rapid succession: the postillions drop from their saddles; the lancers spur their startled horses, and gallop off in confusion by the way they had come, amidst a shower of bullets; the cover is alive with men. From behind every bush, every cork tree, every olive, every rock, they rush with wild cries: some run to seize the mules, others cut the traces. Tia Dolores starts from her sleep, screaming with fear. "Ha! we are attacked," cries the stranger, clasping Frascita to him, and placing his body between her and the firing: she turns pale and trembles like a leaf, but does not strive to elude his embrace. Glancing out of the window, the stranger sees the flat red caps of the Chapelgorris; in a moment he reassures his trembling fair one, whispering in her ear, "Hush, my beloved, fear not; they are my own men." Frascita murmured in return, "Alas, Juan! are you a Carlist?" Dolores, calling on all the saints in the calendar, hears them not, but faints away: all this passes in a moment. Suddenly an officer comes to the door of the *coupe*, and bids the travellers get down, in a rough uncourteous tone; but the moment he sees the stranger he touches his cap respectfully, but with a look of surprise. The stranger springs out, and in a hurried voice inquires, "Where is the general?" "He is near at hand," answers the officer. The stranger continues, with rapid utterance, "Manuel, you must take me as a prisoner; you must not recognise me: but be careful of these ladies, and treat them well; I hold you responsible for this. But no one in the diligence must know me for a Carlist. It is necessary." "I understand you, Colonel," replies Manuel, quickly: "Here, Pedro, Tomas, take this prisoner immediately to the general; see that he does not escape!" (Then, in a whisper, he adds), "Use him well, he is one of us." Juan turned hurriedly to Frascita, and in a soft and tender tone

bade her farewell; but paused again, and said quickly, "Don't be afraid, sweet one; you will be treated with every respect, and sent on to Cordova as soon as possible; but tell me, my soul, where do you live?" "At Ronda," faintly murmured the maiden. "I would fain detain you, but we must part here. I will see you soon again, or perish: now, farewell."

For details of the adventures which follow we have not room; however, to one or two of the most interesting scenes we give place. The fair Frascita is flying under protection of her uncle the smuggler to Gibraltar, and they are attacked by robbers in a mountain pass.

The grey mists of morning hung about the craggy sierra, and filled the valleys with a veil of vapour, as Lope and his niece took their last farewell of their mountain home. The broken, jagged, monstrous rocks loomed through the misty air gigantically vast and wild, presenting to the fancy the forms of domes, of minarets, of steeples, and ruined castles of mammoth times, scattered and mixed in strange confusion. The tall figure of the smuggler, on his noble black steed, seemed magnified to a gigantic size, as he led the way along the rugged and winding track. Frascita followed, seated in a comfortable arm-chair saddle, on a sure-footed mule. They were alone. The air was still. The only sounds that broke the monotony of the silence that reigned around were the clattering of the hoofs on the hollow-sounding soil, or when a nightjar rose with a feeble cry, and glided on noiseless wings through the air across their path. A lonely and a desolate scene is that wild sierra. A single sunray shone like molten fire on the summit of a lofty crag as they reached the gloomy pass of the solitary aloe. As they entered it a huge gaunt vulture rose from a projecting rock, and stretching wide his spreading wings, floated in circles over their heads. The aloe is reached. Hark! on each side of the path there is a sound of rushing feet. From behind the rocks spring forth four men, with loud cries, "Death to the Carlist!" One, a tall, dark man, stumbled over a stone, and fell heavily at full length; at the same moment a bullet whizzed over him. It was from the escopeta of the smuggler. But he in a moment was dragged from his horse and placed on his feet. With a sudden and powerful effort Lope broke from them. He did not attempt to stir. At this moment the gipsy recovered his senses, and sprang on his feet to revenge himself on the Carlist. "Seize him, men!" he shouted, "or stab him if he resists!" and he darted forward with his long knife uplifted towards the gallant smuggler. Suddenly the gipsy recoiled, and the knife dropped from his hand. "Back, men! back, on your lives!" he wildly said; "this is no Carlist, but the Senor Lope; there is some mistake." "O holy Virgin! he is saved!" cried Frascita, clasping her little hands together, and lifting her eyes to heaven. "Death to the Carlist spy!" still shouted the three rateros; "out of the way, Gitano; what is all this?"—"Ay, what is all this?" said the smuggler, haughtily. "What means this violence, my friends? I am no Carlist; I am Lope de la Vega el Contrabandista."—"O do not hurt him; he is my dear uncle," screamed the maiden, in agony. The robbers hesitated.

"There is no mistake," shouted a voice: "die! dog of a Carlist, die!" A charcoal-burner sprang from a rock with the bound of a panther; a knife gleamed in the air; and before any one could move, or even speak, the sharp blade was buried to the hilt in the breast of the unfortunate smuggler. The three brothers stood stupefied at this sudden and awful catastrophe. Ere they had recovered, the charcoal-burner seized Bavioca, turned him suddenly round, vaulted into the saddle, touched him with the bit, and in a moment the horse's hoofs struck fire on the flinty road, as he galloped madly away. A shot was fired after him, but without success. For another moment the robbers gazed at the smuggler's body, as if paralyzed. Then simultaneously they gave a piercing cry, and starting off at a quick run, disappeared towards Ronda. The gipsy shook his clenched fist at the flying Manolo,

and departed rapidly in the opposite direction. Frascita threw herself on the body of her uncle; she did not speak; no tears gushed from her eyes; she took his hand in hers: it was cold, already cold; she pushed back the hair from his forehead, and peered into his eyes; they were fixed—fixed in death's ghastly stare: she pressed her lips to his; no breath of life was there, although she thought they murmured her name. Alas! it was her own deep, sorrowful sigh. Something like a small cloud passed between her and the sun. It was the vulture, circling round his expected prey. He settled on a rock close by. Frascita started up, tossing her arms wildly in the air, and screamed aloud. The vulture spread his wings, and again wheeled round and round, and again he settled on the rock. Oh! it was a sight to melt a heart of stone, to see that young, fair girl, with her hands all dabbled with gore, striving to stanch the blood that still oozed from that ghastly wound, and kissing the pale wan lips of the corpse, as if that would bring life back again; then ever and anon springing wildly up to scare the ill-omened bird away, and flinging herself down beside the bleeding body. Oh! it was a sad, sad sight. The shadows from the aloe grew shorter and shorter. The sun shone out in his meridian splendour. The solitary beetle dragged his slow length along the barren soil. The filthy vulture sat on the rock stupid and motionless, awaiting his banquet. All was silent, solitary, and still. The living and the dead were there in one embrace. No one came. The shadows increase; the valleys are already darkening. No one comes.

This author excels in descriptive writing; the power of constructing a plot within the range of probability he cannot be said to possess. But in colouring his pictures with the hues of nature, he is surpassed by few writers. The following description of the Almoraima—a district extending from the Guadiara to the Guaduranque, is crowded with detail, and evidently accurate.

In the open glades are found the olive, the thorn, the bella sombra, the chestnut, the orange-tree, and the fig, besides an infinity of others too numerous and varied for any but a botanist to describe. Along the little rills which trickle through the soft turf grow the pink-flowering oleander and the rhododendron, to which resort at certain seasons of the year multitudes of small birds. The denizens of this lovely district are varied and numerous—wild boars, wolves, foxes, roe-deer, hares, rabbits, badgers, hedgehogs, racoons, and, I believe, porcupines, are to met with: red-legged partridges, woodcocks, wild pigeons, and doves abound. The bee-bird (*merops apiaster*) flits round the flowering shrubs with its singular flight and strange cry, devouring the bees and sucking the honey like the humming-bird, a species of which I have often met with, but of duller colours than many of its tropical brethren. Another lovely bird, the hoopoe (*upupa epops*), is not uncommon; and the nightjar (*caprimulgus*) glides on noiseless wings along the dark rocky ravines, uttering its harsh and singular noise. Eagles and hawks vary the scene; and overhead a string of huge, gaunt vultures are wending their way through the trackless sky towards Africa. Near the entrance into the forest, where the river Guaduranque flows through a grassy level flat, where grow multitudes of lilies, I have sometimes seen the scarlet and white flamingo, and that most elegant of all birds, the snow-white egret. Half wild, fierce-looking cattle rush out on the unwary traveller from the shade of some densely foliaged thicket, and vast herds of black pigs revel in luxuriance beneath the sweet acorned oaks, and the deep note of the herdsman's cowhorn echoes through the forest. Altogether there is a surpassing charm in this beautiful sylvan district. The underwood, which in many parts is very dense, is principally composed of fern, broom, furze, wild myrtle, and various kinds of cistus, mingled with wild roses and an infinity of other flowering shrubs. The hill sides and the open grassy glades are adorned with a profusion of wild flowers of fragrant smell and brilliant hues.

The miller having by his stratagems at length laid hold of his prize, Frascita, is returning with her in the direction of his distant home, when her lover and his rival, Juan, fall upon them. Here is the closing scene of the novel.

THE RAID OF GOMEZ.

Slowly through the shady Moraima rode the miller and the maiden. Had the sylvan beauty of the scene any charm for them? Alas! no. Mateo was familiar to it; and at that moment Frascita was all in all to him; he saw but her alone. And the maiden's thoughts were wandering after her lost love; or, perhaps, she was divining what was to come. They had reached a spot where the road—which was still covered with soft, short turf—became so narrow that only two could with difficulty ride abreast. On one side the hills rose nearly abruptly from the path, intersected here and there by a rocky ravine. On the other lay stretched, for several miles, one of those densely-wooded, tangled, treacherous swamps not unfrequent in the Moraima, impracticable to horses, but a refuge for the hunted deer. Suddenly the black horse pricked up his pointed ears, and neighed shrilly. Along the path, as if from an echo, the horse was answered. The miller quickly checked both the horses—for he still held the leading-rein, and standing up in his stirrups, gazed eagerly down the path. Soon his keen eye detected the glancing of arms amidst the distant cistus-bushes; the smugglers in the year closed up at this pause. The horsemen in front now dashed from their hiding-place, and appearing in the path, their red caps became suddenly visible. "The Carlists! the Carlists!" cried the miller's followers, in terror, as they turned their horses round, and, spurring them into a gallop, fled over the smooth sward. As they in their turn appeared to the gipsy, he sprang from his mule and darted into the thick cover of fern and underwood by the roadside. For one moment only was the miller irresolute. He turned the horses round, and claspings the long leading-rein of the startled Bavieca firmly in one hand, forced both into a gallop. "Frascita! Frascita!" shouted a well-known voice, "I come, I come." The maiden strove to check her horse, pulling with all her little strength at the reins, but in vain; for, excited by the shouts, the noise of horses galloping behind him, and seeing others in his front, Bavieca dashed wildly on, stretching himself out as if it was a race. Still, the sharp bit checked his speed, and the cord was tightened. "Faster, faster—let his head go," cried the miller fiercely, and tugging savagely at the leading-rein as Bavieca fell rather behind. Still they gained a little on their pursuers, and Frascita saw it. What is so quick as thought? In a moment, a happy moment, the maiden remembered the knife, the old woman's parting gift: the stake was for life and Juan. With reckless courage she dropped the reins on the horse's neck, and drawing the knife from its concealment in her bosom, she stooped forwards, and with a quick stroke of its sharp edge severed the leading-rein; then as quickly dropping it, and recovering the reins, with both her hands and all her force she strove to arrest her horse's headlong flight, as she screamed frantically, "Juan, Juan." The miller wheeled suddenly round; but as he did so Bavieca stopped as suddenly, and fretting at the sharp bit, began to plunge and rear violently. "Let his head go, girl; he will kill you," again shouted the miller, more fiercely than before. "I care not," said Frascita, resolutely; "Mateo, I will not fly." "Then die," cried the miller, in a hoarse, unnatural voice. "He shall not have thee;" and drawing a pistol from his sash, he stood up in his stirrups and took a deliberate aim at the shrieking maiden. Juan saw the action, and he too shrieked till the woods rang again. "Juan, Juan, save me!" screamed Frascita, wildly. There came a flash, a smoke from the pistol, and then a double report echoed along the tangled swamp. The miller's arm dropped broken and helpless by his side; and the bullet from his pistol found a harmless resting-place in the soft turf. Half-stunned by the shock, and wholly unconscious of what he was doing, Mateo darted his

sharp spurs into his horse's flank, and wheeling him suddenly round, galloped madly away. Where still the blue smoke hung in wreaths over the fern, and amongst the leaves of the cistus-bushes, the gipsy's eyes gleamed triumphantly as he passed. Terrified by the flash, the smoke, and the double report, Bavieca again reared madly up, pawing the air with his fore feet; and the maiden, exhausted by her efforts, and fainting with fear, slipped gently off from the saddle on to the soft turf. No sooner had she fallen than Bavieca, as if conscious of what he had done, stood still, trembling in every limb; and stretching out his long neck, began to lick her hands. Then whilst Juan, flinging himself from his horse, was raising the inanimate form of his mistress, the gipsy with a wild cry sprang on Bavieca, and urged him up the steep hill;—but it was all too late, for the soldiers, who had but imperfectly seen in the narrow track what had taken place, throwing themselves from their horses, poured a straggling volley after the flying Gitano. A bullet struck him on the head, and with one fearful heart-rending scream, he fell, and his body disappeared amidst the closely matted brushwood. Juan raised the maiden's drooping head, and frantically kissed those dewy lips. Suddenly, with a thrilling cry of joy, he shouted, "She breathes, she breathes!—water, water!" Pepe, rushing into the swamp, returned in a moment with his hat full of water, and sprinkled it gently over the maiden's face. With eager and trembling anxiety Juan watched the effect. Presently a faint blush flickered beneath the transparent skin of those pallid cheeks; a low gasping sigh stole through her half-closed lips. Then once more, like the first bright sun-ray after the awful hurricane, a soft beam shone out from beneath those silken lashes, and the maiden softly murmured out, "Juan, my beloved Juan, is it indeed thou?" Thus these two met again.

POETRY.

Poems and Songs. By FRANCIS DAVIS. Belfast: Henderson. London: Gilbert. It is the misfortune of some to believe that poetry cannot be produced by men who are entirely removed from the fashionable conventionalities of life, and who are deficient in strict educational discipline. This is both unjust and untrue. The education which a poet requires is not found within the confines of schools; neither is it the exclusive privilege of the wealthy. Inspiration descended on BURNS when his hand held the plough, and some of his most beautiful touches of feeling were produced when his physical energies were most active. Nature is the poet's master, and whenever that master is most acknowledged and felt, then poetry is most in the ascendancy. Poetry loses nothing by being produced by an artisan, neither does the artisan who produces poetry acquire by that production a justification of his faults or his carelessness. Poetry is thoroughly individual. It borrows no additional beauty from the circumstances of the poet, because if it did, it would shew its intimacy with the world, and the things of the world, and thereby acknowledge itself less spiritual. Of course we speak of poetry in its most complete character; not of poetry as a name, or an artificialism. The purest thought which springs up in the bosom of a convict is that thought which approaches the nearest to the character of poetry, and a thought, precisely the same in quality and modification, would not be enhanced in poetic value if it originated in the mind of a saint. Poetry, then, has no comparative value, although the critic very often, from a charitable motive, assumes that the contrary is the fact. Even if we were disposed to follow this example, such a charitable motive would not be required in a notice of the present work. The author is a "muslin weaver" of Belfast, but his muse has an excellence

which has been acquired beyond the limits of a manufactory. The work is so thoroughly warm in emotion, and so truly poetical in utterance, that we wish the author had contented himself with his poems and avoided a preface. His preface is not only unnecessary, but it acknowledges the hurried manner in which the poems have been sent into the world. In some authors we should have considered it cant, but in Mr. DAVIS we believe it to be an innocent acknowledgment of faults, without a critical idea of what injury that acknowledgment may be to himself. But we must not cavil at so little, lest we lose sight of the genuine spirit of the author. This spirit is evident in that class of song which is not so much a *description* of the passion of love, as it is an energetic confession of its existence. This passion is the general property of love, but with Mr. DAVIS it is the peculiar property. His songs are mostly remarkable for their gushes of intense devotion. They are the outspoken melodies of the feelings, and certain we are that Nature has been no way reluctant to exhibit herself through the verses of a "muslin weaver."

NANNY.

Oh for an hour when the day is breaking,
Down by the shore, when the tide is making;
Fair as a white cloud, thou, love, near me,
None but the waves and thyself to hear me;
Oh, to my breast how these arms would press thee,
Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee:
Oh, how the soul thou hast won would woo thee,
Girl of the snow neck! closer to me.

Oh for an hour as the day advances,
(Out where the breeze on the broom bush dances)
Watching the lark, with the sun ray o'er us,
Winging the notes of his heaven-taught chorus.
Oh, to be there and my love before me,
Soft as a moonbeam smiling o'er me;
Thou wouldst but love and I would woo thee;
Girl of the dark eye! closer to me.

Oh for an hour when the sun first found us
(Out in the eve with its red sheets round us)
Brushing the dew from the gale's soft winglets
Pearly sweet, with thy long dark ringlets;
Oh to be there on the sward beside thee
Telling my tale, though I know you'd chide me;
Sweet were thy voice, though it should undo me,
Girl of the dark locks, closer to me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Existing Remains of the Ancient Britons between Lincoln and Sleaford. By the Rev. G. OLIVER, D.D. London, 1847. R. Spencer.

SEARCHING and general as have been the inquiries made by modern writers into the history of our Saxon and Norman forefathers, the ancient British, though possessing higher claims upon the score of antiquity, and having left abundant remains to illustrate their religion, manners, and mode of life, have been singularly neglected. For nearly all that has been done by way of inquiry into the characteristics of that people, we are indebted to their descendants the Welsh, who, at their Eisteddfodau and Cwmrygeiddion Societies, have offered and awarded handsome prizes for such researches. Some light, indeed, has been thrown on the early history of this people by Sir RICHARD COLT HOARE and Mr. FOSBROKE, but material enough exists in the country for extending our knowledge on this point vastly beyond its present limits, and we wish the Archaeological Society would lead the way in the inquiry. Of the religion of this brave people little is known, yet much may be learnt. False impressions prevail about the Druids; indeed scarcely any thing more has been discovered relating to them than has come down through the prejudiced writings of contemporary Romans.

Dr. OLIVER has done good service by giving his attention to this subject. Being by predi-

lection an antiquary, his curiosity appears to have been excited by the numerous tumuli which exist within a limited district of Lincolnshire. If this small area (one moreover not remarkable, that we are aware of, in the history of the Britons) is so prolific of interest, how much more so must Wales be, and the tract extending from Portskevit on the Severn (where OSTORIUS SCAPULA landed, and commenced the pursuit of CARACTACUS) to Gair-dikes, near Shrewsbury, where the British king was finally overthrown? The counties of Monmouth, Hereford, and Salop, we can assert, are most prolific in remains, which, never having been properly examined, would yield a very large amount of interesting information on the history of the ancient Britons.

Our author, who is widely known as an oracle on matters of freemasonry, is evidently an antiquary by disposition. He examines minutely into every thing he sees, and when a safe conclusion cannot be arrived at, he speculates with much shrewdness. He is evidently master of all the learning on the subject (which, indeed, is a small compliment, seeing how little has been stored of it), and writes with the same unction as he has shewn in his books of freemasonry. We extract a few passages which may serve to awaken inquiry into this subject, and also impart some information worthy to be acquired.

So numerous were the British tumuli in the small district before us! They form a striking evidence of the occupancy of that singular people; and their identity is confirmed by the existence of a monument which cannot possibly be attributed to any other race of men. I allude to the stone idol at Anwick, alluded to in the *History of Religious Houses*, p. 172. It is evidently of very high antiquity, and perhaps coeval with Stonehenge, which is perhaps the most ancient monument at present existing in the world, and was probably erected by the Hord Gaeli, the first settlers in the island of whom we have any account. It occupies an imposing situation on the sloping side of a hill, which commands an extensive prospect; and a considerable number of people might conveniently assemble on the plain to witness the sacrifices that were periodically offered to the deity, of which it was the visible representative. It retains its primitive appellation of the "Drake Stone," and stands about half a mile from Anwick church. In magnitude it measures about six feet and a half long, by four feet and a half broad and seven feet high, and may perhaps weigh twenty tons. The upper part is flat, and the lower extremity has been so contrived as to present an artificial aperture through which the human body might pass in a prostrate position; and it is of an oval or egg-like form, because the egg was an emblem of divine power; and the name a corruption of Draig, the Celtic appellation of one of the chief deities of ancient Britain, who was no other than the patriarch Noah, who was almost universally worshipped as the regenerator of the world. I have been induced to be thus particular because, although you are doubtless well acquainted with the existence of this antique stone, it has been little noticed by tourists and historians, notwithstanding it is one of the most remarkable monuments in the county of Lincoln, and can only be equalled by the famous Hemlock or Cromlech stone at Bramcote in Nottinghamshire, which is of a similar antiquity and form. It was devoted to celebrations of great importance and solemnity, that were practised by the druidical priesthood in times far remote and beyond the reach of accredited history.

Here is a legend which, though not a pure myth, is of the Scandinavian kind.

There exists a remarkable beacon hill at Parham dam, in the parish of Rauceby, which was attached to a place of celebration on the heath at Cranwell (Cranewell), dedicated to Ceridwen; for the Crano (Garanhir), in the British mythology, was a title of

the chief druid, who represented that goddess in the mysteries. There is a tradition that a furious and diabolical witch had a residence in a cave near this hill. This unholy being

. . . brevis implicata viperis,
Crines et incommutatum caput,
Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas,
Jubet cupressus funebres,
Et uncta turpis ova rance sanguine,
Plumamque nocturnæ strigis;
Herbasque, quas Iolcos, atque Theria
Mittit venenorum ferax.

HOR.

As might have been expected, this malevolent creature was a terror to the neighbourhood; for the legend has reference to a period long antecedent to the time when witches appear to have confined their attention to simple mischief, and holding nocturnal conventicles with the devil; at which if they have done "the most execrable mischief, and can brag of it, they make most merry with the devil; but if they have been indiligent, and have done but petty services in comparison, they are jeered and derided by the devil and all the rest of the company. And such as are absent and have no care to be assuaged, are amerced in this penalty, so to be beaten on the palms of the feet, to be whipt with iron rods, to be pinch and suckt by their familiars, till their heart blood come, till they repent them of their sloth, and promise more attendance and diligence for the future." The witch of Lincoln Heath is said to have inflicted summary punishment on those who approached the precincts of her sanctuary; from which such horrible noises sometimes issued, that no one ventured to pass by after sunset, lest he should be torn in pieces. Now, my dear sir, as Taliesin styles the principal female of Britain *Ceridwen wrach*, "the witch or fury Ceridwen," and as she was accounted the goddess of death, I should take the entrance into her cave to be "the dreadful passage of penance and suffering" mentioned by the ancient mythologists; or, in other words, a place of initiation into the mysteries of Britain, which were dedicated to this divinity. The noises were probably the din and confusion incident to the mystical ceremonies, which, it will be remembered, were always celebrated in a cave;* and these appalling sounds, which made the hollow cavern echo with loud reverberations, were used partly for the purpose of intimidating the candidate, and partly with the design of inspiring the people with terror, that they might be deterred from prying into the secrets of their nocturnal orgies. It is further said that our witch was very cunning in the capture of young children, which she carried to her cave and devoured. There is a striking coincidence with this tradition in the fact that during the celebration of the mysteries, the novices were denominated children; and one principal ceremony consisted in their being devoured by Ceridwen, for the purpose of reproduction; and born again.* But the chief performance which is recorded of the witch of the Heath, is the terrible conflict that terminated in her death, at a place which, from that circumstance, acquired the name of Biard's Leap. The legend is as follows:

"A knight of tried courage, during the age of chivalry, had solemnly undertaken, at some favourable opportunity, to destroy the hag, who was a terror to the country. One day, while watering his cattle at a pond near the Hermen Street—for it appears that the knight of those times was too chary of his horses to entrust them to any management except his own—he was seized with a sudden impulse that the fortunate period was at hand when he might successfully accomplish this dangerous un-

* During this process the most dismal howlings, shrieks, and lamentations are said to have been heard; for the death of their great progenitor, the Draig or Drake, typified by his confinement in the ark, was commemorated with every external mark of sorrow. This was succeeded by the barking of dogs, the blowing of horns, and the voices of men uttering discordant cries.

* Hanes Taliesin, c. 3. It is extraordinary how long the relics of superstition will maintain their hold upon a people. We have seen how the Celtic Draig is preserved at Anwick in the Drake stone, of which the Teutonic fire-drake or Grendel was a transcript; and in some parts of Lincolnshire the latter name is still retained, under the form of Gringe, which is the local name for a mischievous bogie or goblin. "Have you seen the Gringe?" is a fearful inquiry to a youth of weak nerves or superstitious temperament.

dertaking; and though his horses were all well trained to war, it was suggested to his mind that much might depend on his selection of one particular steed, and therefore he determined to ascertain by divination which of them might be destined for this especial service. He took up a large stone and cast it into the lake, accompanied by a secret petition to the gods that the chosen steed might raise his head from the water, and display symptoms of impatience for action, by neighing in a spirited manner. The experiment was successful. A horse called Biard answered the summons; and the warrior, armed with his naked sword only, mounted the chosen animal without hesitation. Arriving at the mouth of the cave, he called to the sorceress to come forth, and received an immediate answer in the following words:—

I must suckle my cubs,
I must buckle my shoes,
And then I will give you your supper.

When she made her appearance, the horseman, without parley, commenced an attack upon her by a blow with his sword that struck off her left breast; but the witch, by a sudden bound, evading a second stroke, fixed her talons so deeply in Biard's flank, that the animal became restive, and endeavoured to escape by a series of prodigious leaps, three of which, at least 60 yards asunder, are still marked by the impressions of his feet. The witch died from her wound, and, to prevent her re-appearance, she was buried at the intersection of the cross roads, with a stake through her body, and an immense stone placed over her grave, which remains to the present day."

In this wild story the legends and ceremonies of mythology are very confusedly blended; but still they all tend to illustrate that one point, the identity of the witch with Ceridwen, who was worshipped before the establishment of Christianity as a deity, and afterwards hated and feared like a malignant demon. Of this fact we have unquestionable evidence in the names of places, which time and the revolutions of manners, customs and language have but slightly changed. And it is remarkable, that wheresoever the druidical mysteries prevailed to any great extent, there still remain traditions of witches and enchantment. The animals drinking at the lake were no other than the mythological horses which are described by Taliesin in his poem of "Canu y Meirch," in connexion with a lake or river; and after enumerating several, he mentions *the horse Beirdd*, which was his own steed, with that of Arthur and Ceidiaw and several others equally 'able to bear the heroes through the peril of the fight.

There is entertaining information to be gleaned from the following passages:—

As the British religion included the practice of sorcery, so the Druids assigned many peculiar advantages to the possession of divining rods and consecrated amulets, which themselves always wore about their persons, and sold at very high prices to the princes and chieftains, as preservatives in times of difficulty and danger. The ovum anguinum, or serpent's egg,* was the distinguishing mark of a Druid, in addition to the crystal,† which was equally worn by all the orders, but the rank was marked by a difference of the colour. Thus the Druid's crystal was white, the Bard's blue, the Eubate's green, and the novices wore glass beads of various colours, and sometimes the ground was spotted or striped with a different tint. In an excavation made at Quarrington, A. D. 1828, all these

* The anguinum, or Druid's egg, was said to be produced by a knot of serpents, and being propelled into the air, was caught in the vestment of the priest, and carried off with great rapidity to avoid the fury of its parents. This egg, if genuine, was said to float against the stream. The method of its formation was however fabulous, or, to use the words of Mr. Davies (Myth. Dru. p. 210), "was but so much dust thrown into the eyes of the profane multitude." The Druids were the serpents, and the eggs were crystals constructed under their superintendence.

† This amulet was variously shaped. Sometimes like a round bead of glass (Owen's Dict. v. Glain); at others like a crescent or glass boat (Kadeir Taliesin, W. Archæol. vol. i. p. 37); now it was denominated a glass circle (Freiddeu Anuwa. Dru. Append. No. iii.); and now a glass house. (Ibid.) In each case it was a powerful talisman of protection. (Hist. Init. p. 178).

varieties were found in great abundance; and adjoining to them had been deposited, at a different period, ancient armour, fibulae, sacrificial instruments, an urn, and many human bones, part of which had been consumed by fire, lying in an artificial stratum of ashes and burnt substances, carefully placed on a solid bed of gravel, and covered down about four feet thick with the same material. The former are all in the possession of Dr. Yerburch, of Sleaford; and the British relics consist of every known species of amulet, the glain neidhr; the anguinum, curiously charged with twisted serpents; crystals of all the favourite colours; the warrior's amulets, one of which is a rough oblate spheroid, and encircled with a most elegant double zigzag in blue enamel; and several glass and amber beads, which were worn by distinguished females. All these are perforated for the convenience of suspension from the neck or from any part of the apparel.

An Historical Sketch of the Provincial Dialects of England, illustrated by Numerous Examples. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq. F.R.S. London, 1847. Smith. A MORE entertaining tract than this we have not lately seen. It is made up from Mr. HALLIWELL'S *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, and prefaced with a learned and instructive historical essay on Provincialisms; after which the Dialects of the various counties follow in alphabetical order. The peculiarities of tongue which characterise different divisions of the country, throw much light upon its early history: where the Saxons longest preserved their entirety general history is corroborated by this living testimony; the same of the Danes and the Welsh. From the specimens given of the Dorsetshire Dialect, we extract the following beautiful poem. It is equal to CHATTERTON, of whose imagery and turn of thought it reminds us, though we do not remember he used the measure to which the verse is fitted. If this poem were written by a village poet—some “inglorious MILTON,”—we honour his genius, and lament that so little is known of him. We suspect, however, that it was written by a practised pen—so just is the harmony, and in such admirable keeping the imagery and sentiment. If this be so, the rendering of the poem in a country dialect—which would recommend it to the rustics, improve and gratify them—was both judicious and praiseworthy:—

THE WEEPEN LIADY.

When liate o' nights, upon the green,
By thik wold house, the moon da sheen,
A liady there, a-hangen low
Her head's a-wak-en to an' fro
In robes so white's the driven snow;
Wi' oon yarm down, while oon da rest
Al lily-white upon the breast
O thik poor weepen liady.

The curden win' an' whisen squall
Do shiake the ivy by the wall,
An' miake the pleyen tree-tops rock,
But never ruffle her white frock,
An' slamen door and rattlen lock
That in thik empty house da sound,
Da never seem to miake look round
Thik downcast weepen liady.

A liady, as the tale da goo,
That once liv'd there, an' lor'd too true,
Wer by a young man cast aside
A mother sad, but not a bride;
An' then her father in his pride
An' anger offer'd oon o' two
Vull bitter things to undergoo
To thik poor weepen liady.

That she herzuf should leive his door,
To darken it again noo moore,
Ar that her little playsome chile,
A-zent away a thousand mile,
Should never meet her eyes to smile,
An' play again, till she in shiame
Should die an' leive a tarish'd niame,
A sad variaken liady.

“Let me be lost,” she cried, “the while,
I do but know var my poor chile,”
An' left the huome ov al her pride,
To wander droo the wordle wide,

Wi' grief that vew but she ha' tried,
An' lik' a flow'r a blow ha' broke,
She wither'd wi' thik deadly stroke,
An' died a weepen liady.

An' she da keep a-comen on,
To see thik father dead an' gone,
An' if her soul could have a rest
Avore her teary chik's a-prest
By his vargiv-en kias: zoo blest
Be they that can but live in love,
An' vine a place o' rest above,
Unlik' the weepen liady.

This is a tract which will afford the reader a large fund of entertainment, while at the same time it is instructive, and we therefore recommend it to his support.

Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of William Wickendon, B.A. alias, Bard of the Forest. Written by Himself. London, 1847. Slec.

A COLLECTION of poems and tales, many of which are humorous and entertaining, written by a clergyman, who, having lost his voice, and become, therefore incapable of clerical duty, seeks by their publication, as he informs us, to “ameliorate his distressed condition,” and provide, as far as by this means he can, for the decline of life. We have said, we hope, enough to recommend this little book to the attention of the charitable and benevolent, and who will deny the possession of virtues such as these?

The True Cure for Ireland. The Development of her Industry. By the Rev. GEORGE HENRY STODDART, A.M. London, 1847. Saunders.

WERE we to enter upon the consideration of the subject to which this pamphlet is devoted, we must of necessity infract our rule of avoiding politics. We may therefore say no more than that the author evidently has at heart the true interests of Ireland, and has enjoyed in his capacity of secretary of the United Relief Association ample means of forming sound opinions upon this subject. We believe most thoroughly that the suggestions he offers will tend more effectually than any measure hitherto proposed to ensure the prosperity of Ireland.

A Manual of Phonography; or, Writing by Sound. By ISSAC PITMAN. London, 1847. Pitman.

THIS is the eighth edition of a work containing the elements of a system of short-hand invented by Mr. Pitman, and which has before been noticed in this Journal.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Notes on the Early Settlement of the North-western Territory. By JACOB BURNET. New York: D. Appleton and Co. Cincinnati: Derby, Bradley and Co. 1847. Pp. 501, 1 vol. 8vo.*

WHEN we look to the facts of our country, and see what half a century is able to produce here; that a man of twenty-five completes his professional studies in one of our Atlantic cities, and then determines to go west of the Alleghanies—to join himself to those hardy, danger-loving pioneers, who worship God, rifle in hand, and plant their corn under the protection of flint and bayonet—men who rival the Indian in exploits of the chase, and rival him also in that sagacity essential to life in the wilderness; when we see him escape, as by miracle, the hazards to which he is exposed, and at length behold him, in a green old age, the desert having become “a place for fenced cities,” living in the centre of a populous and opulent empire, which has sprung up under his own eye, and under his own footfall, we start as if the days of the Genii were not yet at an end. Fifty years ago and the hunter pursued the game upon the spot where now stands a city, with its eighty thousand inhabitants; and here upon every side are rivers and lakes teeming with life and labour, and all that beauty or wealth might covet in their wildest dreams—here upon the spot where, but now, the DANIEL BONES and SIMSON KENTONS of the country followed the Indian trail, or

built up their log cabins! The mind refuses to take in these prodigies, and we look to see if some Aladdin has not been rubbing his magical lamp—if here might not have been the seat of a powerful kingdom, spell-bound by the enchanter, which, being removed, we now behold the life and action, not of a new people, but one re-awakened from their stony sleep.

It is thus that the great West, full-grown, armed, and stately, has sprung to existence. Eighty years ago the whole country was to us a *terra incognita*, a dense and perilous wilderness, with here and there a degenerate Frenchman, or a laborious and devoted Jesuit priest, who toiled in patient hope to win souls to his faith; but the very vastness of the Mississippi valley presented obstacles to its appropriation by any one people, till the French conceived the grand idea of linking the whole country, from the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence, by a chain of forts, which should confine the British power entirely to the sea-board, leaving an internal empire to thrive upon its immense rivers and lakes. The policy of the English government overthrew this plan, and finally left the French without a solitary foothold. Thus, a nation who have done more than any other, in the early stage of the country, to explore, examine, and foresee the capabilities of the continent, have no share in its distribution.

The Spanish, too, who so long held the passes of the Mississippi valley, are nearly out of memory amongst us, till now that we are again brought into collision with them in the contest with Mexico. Our population is already beating the shores of the Pacific, and had the little State of Connecticut adhered to the rights she once claimed to soil, extending from certain degrees east of the Connecticut River, “and thence to the north and west to the Pacific Ocean,” her dreams of empire might not seem so Utopian as in days past. Formerly nations were slow of growth, as the antediluvian men may be supposed to have been, a century bringing them to a state of juvenile comeliness, when we may imagine the down first shewed itself upon the lip, and they blushed at the “soft impeachment” of love; the lapse of nearly a thousand years beheld them hale and vigorous, like MOSES, of whom it was said, “his eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated;” but now a “nation” is “born in a day”—we cease to be amazed at anything in the way of empire, but look in quiet expectation, and we pray God that all may be well—that this rapid growth may not betoken as rapid decay.

Of the book before us little can be said as a book. It is cumbersome, often inflated, and of little literary value; yet as material for history, will be preserved and valued till its facts shall have become a part of our great national printed archives. The father of the author was a surgeon in the army of the Revolution, and preserved the confidence of the men of that age, which of itself is sufficient praise. He was at the dinner-table of Arnold at the time the messenger arrived at West Point, with the intelligence that “a spy by the name of JOHN ANDERSON had been arrested below.” He says:—

It was remarked by the persons who were at the table, that this intelligence, interesting to the General as it must have been, produced no visible change in his countenance or behavior—that he continued in his seat for some minutes, conversing as before—after which he arose, saying to his guests, that business required him to be absent for a short time, and desiring them to remain and enjoy themselves till his return. The next intelligence they had of him was, that he was in his barge, moving rapidly to a British ship of war, the *Vulture*, which was lying at anchor a short distance below the Point.

To those of us who regard the “Queen of the West” as an old city, stately in wealth and beauty, and looking with smiling contempt upon the wooden cities of yesterday, it may be well to hear a man talk who was with her in her day of small things, when—

Cincinnati was a small village of log cabins, including about fifteen rough, unfinished frame houses, with stone chimneys. Not a brick had then been seen in the place, where now so many elegant edifices present themselves to the eye; and where a population is found, estimated at eighty thousand souls. The emigrants who were in the territory in 1796,

* From *The Literary World*; New York.

were few in number, and were located in different and remote settlements, between which there was but little intercourse. The country they inhabited was wild and uncultivated, and was separated from the Atlantic inhabitants by a broad belt of rugged mountains, equally wild and uncultivated, containing scarcely the semblance of a road, bridge, ferry, or other improvement, to facilitate intercourse with the Atlantic States. The adjoining regions, on every side, were also uncultivated, and without commerce, or the means of creating it. At that time, the primitive mode of transportation across the mountains, by pack-horses, had been but recently exchanged for the greater convenience of the heavy Pennsylvania road-waggon, which wended its way slowly through the mountains. The country contained neither shelter nor protection for civilized man; nor had it anything in the form of constitution or law, till after the promulgation of the Ordinance of 1787. A correct idea of the progress made in settling the territory may be formed from these facts; that the first emigrants planted themselves at the mouth of the Muskingum in the spring of 1788—that, at the close of 1795, after the lapse of seven years, the white population, of all ages and both sexes, was ascertained to be fifteen thousand, according to the best information that could be obtained by the Governor and Judges, who had visited almost every settlement in the territory; and that in 1800, by a census taken under the authority of Congress, the number was ascertained to be 45,365; being the entire population acquired by all the settlements in the territory during the first thirteen years, after their commencement.

Prior to the Treaty of Greenville, which established a permanent peace between the United States and the Indians, but few improvements had been made of any description, and scarcely one of a permanent character. In Cincinnati, Fort Washington was the most remarkable object. That rude, but highly interesting structure, stood between Third and Fourth streets produced, east of Eastern-row, now Broadway, which was then a two-pole alley, and was the eastern boundary of the town, as originally laid out. It was composed of a number of strongly-built, hewed-log cabins, a story and a half high, calculated for soldiers' barracks. Some of them, more conveniently arranged and better finished, were intended for officers' quarters. They were so placed as to form a hollow square of about an acre of ground, with a strong block-house at each angle. It was built of large logs, cut from the ground on which it stood, which was a tract of fifteen acres, reserved by Congress in the law of 1792, for the accommodation of the garrison.

It may assist the reader in forming something like a correct idea of the appearance of Cincinnati, and of what it actually was at that time, to know that, at the intersection of Main and Fifth streets, now the centre of business and tasteful improvement, there was a pond of water, full of alder bushes, from which the frogs serenaded the neighbourhood during the summer and fall, and which rendered it necessary to construct a causeway of logs to pass over it. That morass remained in its natural state, with its alders and its frogs, several years after Mr. B. became a resident of the place, the population of which, including the garrison and followers of the army, was about six hundred. The fort was then commanded by William H. Harrison, a captain in the army, but afterwards President of the United States. In 1797, General Wilkinson, the commander-in-chief of the army, made it his head-quarters for a few months, but did not apparently interfere with the command of Capt. Harrison, which continued till his resignation in 1798.

It had been the original design of the Company to establish themselves at what is called the North Bend, a place honoured in the memory of our people as having been the residence of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the hero of Tippecanoe, and the presidential occupant of a "log cabin." Mr. BURNET gives the following piece of gossip, as the cause which produced a change in the arrangement. The extract affords also a specimen of the style in which our author girds himself for his best specimen of paragraph:—

About that time there was a rumour prevailing in the settlement, said to have been endorsed by the judge himself, which goes far to unravel the mystery, in which the removal of the troops from the Bend was involved. It was said and believed, that while the officer in command at that place was looking out very leisurely for a suitable site on which to build the block-house, he formed an acquaintance with a beautiful black-eyed female, who called forth his most as-

sidious and tender attentions. She was the wife of one of the settlers at the Bend. Her husband saw the danger to which he would be exposed if he remained where he was. He therefore resolved at once to remove to Cincinnati, and very promptly executed his resolution. As soon as the gallant commandant discovered that the object of his admiration had changed her residence, he began to think that the Bend was not an advantageous situation for a military work, and communicated that opinion to Judge Symmes, who strenuously opposed it. His reasoning, however, was not as persuasive as the sparkling eyes of the fair dulcinea then at Cincinnati. The result was a determination to visit Cincinnati, and examine its advantages for a military post, which he communicated to the Judge, with an assurance that if, on examination, it did not prove to be the most eligible place, he would return and erect the fort at the Bend. The visit was quickly made, and resulted in a conviction that the Bend could not be compared with Cincinnati as a military position. The troops were accordingly removed to that place, and the building of a block-house commenced. Whether this structure was on the ground on which Fort Washington was erected by Major Doughty cannot now be decided. That movement, produced by a cause whimsical, and apparently trivial in itself, was attended with results of incalculable importance. It settled the question whether North Bend or Cincinnati was to be the great commercial town of the Miami country. Thus we see what unexpected results are sometimes produced by circumstances apparently trivial. The incomparable beauty of a Spartan dame produced a ten years' war, which terminated in the destruction of Troy; and the irresistible charms of another female transferred the commercial emporium of Ohio from the place where it had been commenced to the place where it now is. If this captivating American Helen had continued at the Bend, the garrison would have been erected there—population, capital, and business would have centred there, and there would have been the Queen City of the West.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

PROBABLY on account of the particular attention it has always given to notices of New Books designed for the purposes of Education, THE CRITIC has been for some time past honoured with the zealous and fast increasing support of that large, influential, and intelligent body who are engaged in the practical business of Education. They have been pleased, not only to enrol themselves in most gratifying numbers in the list of subscribers, but to make THE CRITIC the medium for their advertisements, whether addressed to parents, teachers, or the members of their own body. So also have many families and schools considered THE CRITIC to be a journal containing reading both pleasant and profitable enough to introduce it to the tea-table circle or the school-room library, as having the interest that attaches to whatever concerns the present, and keeping up their knowledge of the actual state and progress of Literature, Science, and Art at home and abroad, without being obnoxious to the objections that apply to political newspapers.

Suggestions have been received from various quarters for carrying out more completely an object which has long been in request, and for which this accidental attempt to devote a periodical wholly to the subject of Education has hitherto failed in England. The reason is, that all were theoretical rather than practical in their aims. They were too dogmatical. They lectured instead of *journalising*. Besides, they did not offer enough of variety: exclusively dedicated to the philosophy of Education, they were read only by philosophers. What is really required by the vast body of persons practically engaged in the *business* of Education is information of *practical utility* to them. They want to have the *earliest* news of all publications for educational purposes, with honest notices of them, by which they may be guided

in their judgments whether they should order a copy for inspection. They want to know what is stirring that affects their profession; what schools are for sale; what assistants are seeking places; what masters offer themselves to teach "the accomplishments;" and so forth. In like manner does the parent desire to ascertain what schools exist, and their terms; and he would be pleased to learn, besides, something of their plans and regulations, and who were offering to be tutors or governesses.

It is suggested that THE CRITIC may well perform these offices, without trenching upon any portion of its departments of literature and art, by a distinct heading, such as that which appears above, and under which should for the future be contained the notices of all new educational works, together with such information as to the plans of existing schools as the principals may be willing to transmit to us, and parents will be curious to read; the correspondence of those engaged in the work of Education on subjects upon which they may desire to communicate with their fellows throughout the country, and such other matters of moment relating to teachers, pupils, and parents as may from time to time arise.

In the accomplishment of this design, of which the above is, of course, a meagre outline, to be filled up as experience may dictate, we ask the cordial assistance of all tutors and parents.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THERE is a rumour of a gallery of art in Buckingham Palace, to be open to the nation at certain times.—An elegant statuette of Jenny Lind has been modelled by Count D'Orsay. She is represented in the character of the *Figlia del Reggimento*. The attitude is precisely such as is assumed in one part of the performance, and will be immediately recognised. The likeness is good, both as to the features of the face and the general outline of the figure. The statuette is about twenty inches in height—a height more appropriate for a sculpture of this class than a whole-length figure of life size, which, in the costume represented, would be awkward if not vulgar. This work of the noble artist will increase his already deserved reputation. It is good in drawing and form, and in the detailed portions, and is modelled with an elegance of manner and taste which render it a very pleasing addition to the school of art to which it may be referred.—The "Vernon Room" or "Vernon Gallery," as it will no doubt be called,—if not by the Trustees, most certainly by the public—will contain the following well-known pictures of the English school: "The Age of Innocence," by Sir Joshua Reynolds—one of the most exquisite of his works; bought by Mr. Vernon at the Harman sale for 1,520 guineas—(the highest sum ever given for a single figure of Sir Joshua): "Cottage Children," "The Watering-place," and "Waggon passing a Brook," by Gainsborough: several exquisite small landscapes by Richard Wilson: Wilkie's "Highland Bagpipes" (from Sir Francis Freeling's collection), and Wilkie's "White Boy's Cabin," painted for Mr. Vernon at the price of 350 guineas: Collins's "Happy as a King,"—one of the painter's happiest subjects: Turner's "View in Venice," Mulready's "Village Schoolmaster," Landseer's "High Life" and "Low Life," and his recently exhibited pictures of "Peace" and "War": Etty's "Cupid and Nymph" (a most exquisite work), and his "Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm": Hilton's "Edith and Monks discovering the body of Harold": Hilton's "Nymph and Cupid": MacIise's "Hamlet": Newton's "Sterne and the Grisette": Leslie's "My Uncle Toby and the Widow," *et cetera*.—Mr. Park has just completed two busts, both of them of eminent men, the one being that of the Earl of Dundonald, the hero of Basque Roads; and the other of Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal.

They are about to be sent to Glasgow. These busts possess great merit, being good likenesses of the originals, and very spirited and full of character. The marked features of both the commanders, and the strong characteristics which they present, have been favourable for the display of the talent of the sculptor, who has availed himself of these advantages, and given an appearance of animation to his works which, with more insipid features, it would have been difficult to produce. The bust of the hero of Basque Roads is peculiarly good; the gallant veteran is at once recognised. It is by far the best portrait of him yet produced.—Mr. William Simson, the Scottish painter, who was known by his works beyond the waters of the Tweed, died at his house in Sloane-street, suddenly, on Sunday last. Mr. Simson assisted Sir David Wilkie in the details and subordinate parts of many of his works; was of great aid to Mr. Serpente in his books upon "Deer Stalking;" and will be remembered on his own account by several small subject pictures and portraits, of which the best are in the collections of Sir Robert Peel and the Marquis of Lansdowne. He had a fine eye for colour, but his designs were, on most occasions, very inferior to his command of the pencil.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

It has been stated that the wife of Dr. Spohr is about to translate into German Mr. French Flower's published *Essay on the Construction of Fugue*. No greater proof could be given of the good opinion Dr. Spohr entertains of this work, and no higher compliment could be paid to its author, especially as his is the only English theoretical work on music thought deserving of translation into German.—M. Jullien, the new lessee of Drury-lane, appears to be active in his arrangements preparatory to opening the theatre. It will retain its character of an English opera-house, and will embrace original works by native composers, as well as English versions of foreign pieces. Among the performers already engaged, we understand, are Staudigl, Pischke, Reeve, and Miss Birch; and Madame Viardot (Pauline Garcia) is spoken of. The orchestra is to be on a scale of magnitude unprecedented in an English theatre. Most of the principal instrumentalists of both the Italian opera bands are engaged, and Hector Berlioz, the composer, is to be the musical director. The *Gazette Musicale* (with which journal Berlioz is connected) states that his salary is to be 10,000 francs (400*l.*) for three months, or 20,000 francs (800*l.*) for six months, according to the length of the season; and that, moreover, he is to have four concerts, for each of which he is to be guaranteed the receipt of 100*l.* sterling, which makes 400*l.* more. Some of the greatest works of the older masters, it is said, are to be produced; such as the *Iphigenia* of Gluck, the principal operas of Mozart, the *Paust* of Spohr, and the *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer. New operas are to be written for the theatre by Balfe, Benedict, Berlioz, and Halévy. Accounts differ as to the time of opening the theatre; but it appears probable that it will be in December next.—Mdlle. Jenny Lind was unable to play at the theatre at Manchester, on Wednesday, in consequence of a sudden illness. Mdlle. reached Manchester on Friday, and played in *La Sonnambula* on Saturday and on Monday, to fair, but not full, houses. On both occasions she was rapturously received. The fact of the house not being filled is attributable to the extreme prices demanded, which are, on the average of the different places in the theatre, at an advance of more than 700 per cent. upon the original price of admission. For both Saturday and Monday nights tickets were sold at a great discount—in one instance, a gentleman bought four guinea tickets for a sovereign. The local newspapers contained a large number of advertisements offering tickets at a discount. Mr. Lumley has concluded an engagement with Mdlle. Lind for the next season at her Majesty's Theatre.—The Musical Congress at Leipzig commenced on the 13th inst. It consists of 128 members, who have chosen M. Moscheles for

their president. A concert was given on the 16th for the benefit of the poor of the town—at which all the performance was of ancient music. Moscheles played a concerto of Sebastian Bach's.—The once celebrated oboe player, William Parke, died on the 24th instant, aged 85. He had been a member of the Royal Society of Musicians for sixty-four years; and twenty years ago, when no longer able to follow his avocations, that institution granted him an allowance of sixty guineas annually. Mr. Parke was appointed first oboe at Covent-garden in 1784, at the recommendation of Mr. Shield, who used to compose obligato parts for him. In 1800, Mr. Parke was engaged to play concertos at Vauxhall-gardens, and continued to do so for several years.

A Bibliographical Account of the Musical and Poetical Works published in England during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, under the titles of Madrigals, Ballets, Ayres, Canzonets, &c. By EDWARD F. RIMBAULT. 8vo. London, 1847. J. R. Smith.

The singing of Madrigals, which was so widely cultivated in this country during the reigns of ELIZABETH and JAMES THE FIRST, and by whose means in fact a taste for music was earliest introduced among the people, bids fair to be revived in the present day. It is one of the recommendations of the educational movement now in progress, that it comprehends the study of the delightful science of part-singing. The more this practice can be extended among all classes the better. To few has nature denied the requisites necessary for its successful pursuit; and there is none of the arts and sciences which yields a purer or greater pleasure, or that tends more to humanize and exalt the mind than music. Its cultivation among mechanics and the working classes should by every means be encouraged. Engaged in laborious occupations which require little energy or exertion of the mind during the greater part of the day, the time allotted to rest is too generally spent in rude gambling, or under the stimulus of drink. The mind must and will have excitement and exercise of some kind; give it therefore amusements which, the reverse of debasing, elevate and purify. Do this by every means available, and the attractions of the public-house will fade, health will be preserved, crime decrease, families will be well clothed and comfortable, and the home happy.

The purpose of the *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana* is twofold—to place in the hands of the reader "a complete list of the vocal music of the ages of ELIZABETH and JAMES, when the man who could not take his part in a Madrigal was looked upon as a barbarian so that people wondered where he was brought up," and furthermore, to "furnish the antiquary with a useful catalogue of the lyrical poetry of the age to which it refers." An introduction of sixteen pages, which prefaces the catalogue, gives some interesting particulars respecting the early history of Madrigal-singing, but in a manner too disconnected to be available for extract here.

"Farewell!" a Ballad; and "Mignon's Song," from Goethe. By GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

Two pleasing songs: perhaps the best of the two is the *Song of Mignon*. The poem, however, has been vilely rendered into English, and the melody which Mr. ALLMAN has adapted to it, though justly embodying the melancholy sentiment which GOETHE has breathed through the song, does not strike us by originality. The accompaniments to both songs are judiciously written.

THE DRAMA, &c.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday Dr. BACHHOFFNER delivered a lecture on electricity and galvanism. He combated the popular notion that electricity is a substance like water, and visible to the eye. Such was not the fact. The most useful purpose to which electricity had been applied was the electric telegraph, as by its means a message could be conveyed to any part of the kingdom, at the rate of 288,000 miles in one second, thus bringing, as it

were, the whole empire, and even the Continent, into a small space, and by this means affording a most valuable aid to mercantile transactions. The professor also stated that he had heard that a company was forming for the purpose of communicating with all the principal towns in the country by the electric telegraph. If this were carried out, it would, in a measure, consolidate the whole empire with the metropolis.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

THE interest that has been excited by the series of papers which has appeared here narrating the history, plans, and prospects of this great national enterprise, is proved by the numerous communications relating to it that have come to us from all parts of the country. To these it is impossible to reply individually. Such of them as related to the private business of the Company have been forwarded to the secretary, who will no doubt answer their various queries. Our present purpose is to explain a few matters which, as it would appear from this mass of correspondence, are not correctly understood.

First, as to the capital required. Confusing this with some vast and dreamy projects that have been put forth professing the same design, many persons seem to suppose that it is of such magnitude, and will require so much capital, that, however it may be in itself feasible and promising, it will be impossible to raise the necessary funds, especially at a time when the unreflecting public can see profit in nothing but railways. This is a mistake which we are anxious at once to correct. It is not an undertaking demanding an extensive investment. The most insignificant railway requires a larger capital than this enterprise, which is really of more importance to the country than any railway that could be projected now that the main lines are laid down. It does not need millions, but only a few thousands,—a capital not greater than that of many private manufactories.

It has been asked, also, at what price the shares can be procured in the market. The fact is, that none are, we believe, to be obtained through that medium, and for this reason, that they are all held by persons who have taken them for the *bond fide* purpose of investment, believing that it will prove a very profitable one, and feeling an interest in the object. The mere speculator has happily taken no concern in the Company, because it offered no field for gambling. But persons of respectability who desire to possess shares can obtain them by applying to the secretary. And in reply to two queries on this point, we have ascertained that it is not the desire of the Directors that the shares should be in a few hands; they would prefer to have them largely but prudently distributed, and therefore an applicant even for a single share will, we understand, receive it. Thus any person who can, in the course of three years, contrive to save 20*l.* may become at once the owner of a direct interest in this enterprise, assured by the Act of Parliament that, under no circumstances can his liabilities exceed the amount of his share; that he will receive four per cent. interest upon the calls from the moment of payment, and that in all probability his 20*l.* will, in seven or eight years, be worth more than 50*l.*

As to the estimates of probable expenditure, receipts, and profits, which, as might have been expected, have excited the utmost interest, and been subjected to the closest scrutiny, of course they are to some extent conjectural, and they state the largest amount; but these results are such as to admit the broadest possible margin for contingencies. Examine the items. There can be no material error in the cost-money of the works, for they are in yearly course of construction. The estimate of expenditure, therefore, cannot be far wrong. The only query that can be raised is as to the estimate of receipts. They are of necessity incapable of positive ascertainment. Nothing more can be affirmed than that the machinery will be competent to a supply of sewage manure, which, at the trifling price of sixpence per ton, will yield the immense

revenue stated. But, then, what a profit does that revenue exhibit!

Then it is said, the estimates are based upon the assumption that the farmers will take the manure. How is it known they will do so? There are many answers to this. Numerous farmers and market-gardeners have, it appears, already applied for it. Cultivators of land to the extent of 60,000 acres (the profits having been estimated on only 20,000 acres) have petitioned in its favour. Possibly the whole may not be taken at once, but when its effects are seen in some grounds, others will be eager to obtain it, and every year will increase the demand, and consequently the profits of the shareholders.

Lastly, we refer those who imagine the use of sewage manure to be merely experimental, and therefore having a possibility of failure, to the evidence given to the House of Commons by those who have practically tried and proved it. The most unequivocal testimony will there be found that the Company has not erred in its estimate of the value of the material. The strict calculation shews a quadruple produce at a twentieth part of the cost. But let allowance be made for any conceivable error or exaggeration; say that the produce is only doubled, and the cost reduced one-half, or that there is no increase of produce, but only a reduction of one-half in the expense of manuring his land, and is it probable that in two years there will not be a farmer or market-gardener within reach of such an obvious advantage who will not avail himself of it.

THE PLANET IRIS.

To such of our readers as have telescopes and take interest in Astronomy, the following letter (addressed by Mr. HIND, on Tuesday, to the editor of the *Times*), containing a rough sketch of the orbit of the newly-discovered planet Iris, and an ephemeris for finding her, will not be unwelcome:—

SIR,—I have calculated a first approximation to the elements of the planet Iris, from an observation by Professor Challis on August the 20th, and two others taken here on the 13th and 26th. Neglecting parallax and aberration, I find—

Mean longitude of Iris for	356	9	13.3
1847, Sept. O, G.M.T.			
Longitude of Perihelion	26	9	48.5
Ascending node	251	41	14.5
Inclination of the orbit	4	37	22.1
Angle of excentricity	25	35	22.1
Or e	0.43192		
Log. semi-axis major	0.4598916		
Period in sidereal years	4.896		

This orbit is remarkable for its great excentricity, and the revolution is longer than that of any other asteroid. Perhaps further observations may somewhat modify the results.

The following ephemeris is calculated from these elements for every second noon, mean time at Greenwich:—

	Right Ascension.	South Declination.
	h. m. s.	° ' "
Aug. 28,	19 47 14.01	13 54 19.4
— 30,	— 46 19.73	13 57 49.4
Sept. 1,	— 45 33.81	14 1 12.9
— 3,	— 44 56.51	14 4 28.7
— 5,	— 44 28.00	14 7 35.3
— 7,	— 44 8.65	14 10 31.8
— 9,	— 43 58.44	14 13 16.9
— 11,	— 43 57.53	14 15 49.3
— 13,	— 44 5.96	14 18 8.0
— 15,	19 44 23.78	14 20 11.7

According to my observation on August 29, the ephemeris gave the right ascension at that time one second too great, and the declination nine seconds too small.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,
J. R. HIND.

Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's-park,
August 30.

THE FALLING STARS.—The periodical return of the falling stars, about the night of the 10th inst.

has been again confirmed in Belgium. On the evenings of the 9th and the 11th the weather permitted of astronomical observations, but the 10th was so foggy that it was impossible to take any. On the 9th, the number of falling stars, though greater than usual, was not very remarkable. One of these meteors, however, was distinguished by its extraordinary nature; for, instead of being a definite and brilliant body, it resembled a mass of cloud, slightly illuminated and much spread. On the night of the 11th, the number counted at the observatory amounted to twenty-eight and thirty in an hour. At Bruges, Mr. Forster found the number to be thirty-five an hour during the 11th and 12th. By means of a telescope he observed the train of one of these meteors; it resembled a spangled column of a roseate colour. It is scarcely even possible to make an observation of this kind, for in general the falling stars appear and vanish so suddenly, that it is impossible to fix the glass upon them. By observing them with the telescope, it may accidentally occur that they traverse the field of this instrument. Mr. Moelder made several similar observations at Dorpat. We hope to have any observations made in other parts of Europe or America, so that we may be able to compare these remarkable phenomena.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE "Shakespeare House Movement," laggeth. In vain do antiquaries try to stir the nation to activity; in vain endeavour to persuade the people that purchasing the freehold whereon genius lived and moved, is rendering a due homage to that genius. We have not committed ourselves to approval of the objects of those who desire to obtain the house at Stratford, nor have we opposed their efforts. We have from the commencement regarded the movement as a harmless one. And the indifference of the country justifies the conclusion. Were it necessary to Shakespeare's fame, or to the sustenance of his popularity, that we preserve his shattered domicile, we should earnestly intreat our readers not to look on with indifference. But old stone and rotten lath have not such superior charms for us, even when the hallowing associations of a Shakespeare's name accompany them. The cause of literature can be better benefitted than by squandering thousands on a dilapidated cottage. The genius of a past age and the progression of the present, can be more appropriately served than by patching a tottering structure with which time has done such fearful battle. Conservators argue that the nation requires the house. If so, why is not the present movement a national one instead of the private puppet-show affair that it promises to be? We believe that the admirers of Shakespeare are too much wrapt in the beauty of his writings to descend to the particularities of his parlour. He is revered more as an angel than as a man. Why then force upon us the fact that he was not other than his brethren? 'Tis this desecration of a divine faith that causes the inertness and the want of interest evident in the present movement. We would preserve Shakespeare in spirit, because in that form our reverence and our admiration are the greater. All that was physical and practical of him we can afford to lose; for to nurture the recollection of them is placing his grosser nature in opposition to his mind.—Brettin Von Arnim, the celebrated German writer, has been imprisoned by the civil authorities of Berlin. The magistrates, learning that the lady took an active part in the publication not only of her own works but those of her deceased husband, summoned her to take out a burgess ticket, and pay the usual fee

as publisher. She replied curtly that she would have nothing to do with their burgess tickets unless presented to her gratuitously, as a token of respect. The magistrates persisted in their demand; and the lady hurled at them a long and eloquent epistle—more frank, it may be admitted, than complimentary. It was signed by her secretary, and authenticated by a docket in her own hand, in red ink, in order that "the colour of shame might therefrom be reflected on their cheeks." The magistrates hereupon commenced an action for libel against her in the *Kammergericht*. The president—after remarking *en passant* that Madame Von Arnim had last year been sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars for defamation of her chamber-maid—sentenced her to two months' imprisonment, with costs. But there are various accounts of the cause of this imprisonment. A correspondent of the *Spectator* states that Madame Brettin "has for many years devoted her literary talents to advocating the cause of the distressed artisan and labourer, in those remote provinces which are scarcely known to the public inhabitants of the metropolis except from the garbled accounts of revolt and military justice given by the newspapers. Her shrewd and simple comprehension led her at once to trace the cause of much of this misery to the veil which the despotism of the police throw over the true picture; and she sought to promote an inquiry into details, on a modified scale, in the matter-of-fact manner of those investigations which produced many recent social reforms in England. Many young men who undertook the mission were criminally prosecuted, and exposed to such persecution that they were forced to abandon the task. She has been involved in a direct squabble with the Berlin magistrates, and the Court, under the mantle of a legal decision, has the satisfaction of avenging itself of many a bitter truth she has uttered. This singular woman, who is now advanced in years, puts many writers to shame by her unflinching defence of truth and justice; and this termination of her literary career will redeem the levity of its commencement."—Copyright is now secured to authors and composers in the Thuringian Union for such works as may be printed and sold in Great Britain and Ireland, and *vice versa*. The duty on books originally produced in the United Kingdom, and republished at any place within the dominions of the said states, is now to be 2l. 10s. per cwt. and on books published or republished at any place within the states, not being books originally produced in the United Kingdom, 15s. per cwt. On prints and drawings, plain or coloured, published within the said states, single, each one halfpenny; bound or sewn, the dozen, three halfpence duty. The Thuringian Union consists of the following states:—Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Reuss-Greiz, Reuss-Lobenstein-Eberdorf, and Reuss-Schleitz.—A Ladies' Literary Institution and Mutual Improvement Association has just been established in Beak-street, Regent-street, by a committee of ladies, for the purpose of affording facilities for the mental, moral, and social advancement of their own sex, for which purpose a library and classes are being formed for every branch of study. Drawing-room lectures, conversazioni and soirées will also be given. A number of members have already been enrolled.—Pupils of the Academy of Sciences of Russia, and professors, and literary men are allowed to travel for improvement in foreign countries without being subject to the trammels which expensive passports and other impediments have hitherto fixed on them.—Signore Lorenzo Blanco has just published a book entitled "*Varietà ne' Volumi Ercolanesi*," which forms an important addition to the works of research on the antiquities of Herculaneum. He has succeeded in reawakening a deep interest in the scrolls of papyrus which are deposited and guarded in the Royal Museum of Borboneo as costly relics, inaccessible alike to foreigners and natives.—The trustees of the British Museum have obtained possession of all the houses required in Great Russell-street for the erection of the east wing of the Museum.—The efforts of the book-writing world seem still to rest on the attractions of the moment.

Literary Monuments to Shakespeare—Guide to Shakespeare's House, and a stray drama or two, are all that we have to make note of. And nothing of promise is announced.—The antiquaries have had fine fun this week, or rather, we should say, most serious employment, for that which to us is ludicrousness, calls forth their whole energies and absorbs their every thought and action. On Monday an ancient spoon was found at Lincoln, or it was supposed to be ancient, being discovered in the sub-soil beneath a Roman pavement, so that "it evidently belonged to a period of very high antiquity!" On Monday and Tuesday the foundations of a Roman villa, lately discovered at Stancome Park, Gloucester, were thrown open to the antiquaries. The *Gloucester Journal* says that "the area occupied by the villa and appurtenances comprehends a space of about six acres. The remains of tessellated work are not equal to others which have been brought to light in various parts of this country, but the extent and arrangement of the plan, and the beauty and convenience of the situation are amply sufficient to arrest attention, and we should be much gratified if any of our antiquarian friends who have visited the spot would favour us with a more detailed account of these interesting remains than our own casual view will enable us to furnish." Whilst excavating for the Ely and Huntingdon Railway, at Cambridge, the labourers "threw up a very perfect skull and several bones, as also a piece of iron having the appearance of a spear head, and a coin or two. It is most likely as they advance towards the centre some other relics of a bygone age will be discovered. About forty years ago a human skeleton in a stone coffin was dug up on the hill where the windmill stands. Of the foundation walls of the castle itself, no traces have as yet been found; great part of the hill through which the line has yet advanced is of a fine gravel soil, and appears never to have been disturbed." What work, all this, for the meetings of our learned societies, and how will it not swell an annual report!—We hear that the authoress of *Annesley*, a poem that has created some commotion lately, is the grand-daughter of the late Dr. Drury, of Harrow.—The first annual meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association will, we are informed, be held at Aberystwith, from the 7th to the 10th inst.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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 Beedel's (E.) British Tariff, 1847-8, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Bohn's Antiquarian Library, Vol. I. "Beedel's Ecclesiastical History, and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," post 8vo. 5s. cl.—Bohn's Standard Library, Vol. XXV. "Schlegel's Philosophy of Life and Language," post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
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